

THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,

FROM THE
New Translation
OF THE
B I B L E

Turned into Meter:

To be Sung to the common Tunes used in
Parish Churches

By the Reverend Father in God
HENRY KING, D. D.
and late *L^d Bishop of Chichester:*

Greg. Nazianz Orat. 40. In Baptismo.

Η Ύμνος ἡ μετ' ἡ δὲ δεξιᾷ, τῆς ἐκείνου ὑμνῶν
προοίμιον.

*Psalmorum Cantillatio, cum quā accipietis, illius Hymnodia
præludium, &c.*

Hippolyt. Episcop. Orat. De Consummat.

Mundi ex versione Jo Pici.

Temporibus Antichristi Psalmorum decantatio cessabit.

The Second Edition.

London, Printed by S. and B. Griffin, and are sold by
John Playford at his Shop near the Temple Church; 1671.

REGALMS

DAVID

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THE PREFACE.

Not to vy with any, who have rendred Them better, nor to diminish these who perhaps have done Them worse, nor for the vanity therewith many delight Themselves, To be reputed Authors of a Publick work, much less for any sordid expectation of gain, doth This Edition of the Psalms offer it self to the common view. The general distaste taken at some unhandsome expressions in the Old, which both disfigured the meaning of the Holy Ghost, and reproached our English Tongue, (that did not afford a decent cloathing to preserve them from the scorn of those who apprehended any occasion to quarrel us) intited Me to try in some few, whether they might not in the plainest dress of language be freed from those disparagements of the Text, which gave offence. After I had privately shew'd those (intended no farther then for an Assay) perswasions of Friends, who had power to command, made me (having now leisure from those greater employments, to which I was called more than ever expected) willing to run through the Rest.

I know Alteration (though for the Better) is scarce welcome to People by Custome, and long Prescription habited in their First formes, that of August. Epist. 118. ad Januarium de consuetud. variis Regionum. S. Augustine being often true, Ipsa Mutatio consuetudinis, quæ adjuvat Utilitate, Novitate perturbat, The profit doth not recompense to Them the trouble and disorder of the Change.

I have therefore by tying my self to the old Moen and Old Tunes, endeavoured to prevent that disturbance which the Alteration might bring, whose differ-

The Preface.

rence in this Version will not be much discerned, when the Congregation perfect in their ancient Tunes, may with as much ease repeat every verse read before they sing (according to the practise) as they did the Old.

Wherein I shall desire my aim may be rightly understood, which was to render them rather with perspicuity and plainness for the vulgar Use, than Elegance. For this the disadvantage of the measure (of all others least graceful) wherein most of the Psalms run, allows not : especially when by Design I deny my self the liberty of those words and Phrases, which either fute not the Gravity of the Subject, or capacity of the Meanest. To this end I have so closely followed the New Translation of the Psalms in our Church Bibles, that he who is able to read the one may perceive the Reason of the Text neither lost, nor abused in the Rhime; Both which without much Unevenness, or force are brought to an easie and familiar agreement.

Indeed where the Place is obscure and the Construction difficult, I take leave by paraphrase to give the Meaning : which is a Method oftimes observed by the Septuagint, whose version Moralizeth in the Greek, what was wrapp'd up in figures by the Hebrew. As to instance in one for all, in Psalm 84. verse 6. What our Translation from the Original terms the Valley of Baca, or of Mulberry Trees (as the Margin hath it) meaning thereby a place oppressed with drougt and barrenness, where those
Vallem sitientem Trees commonly grow, the Greek
& ob id ad iterum reads τὴν Κοιλάδα τῆς κλαυθμοῦ,
excitantem. the Valley of Mourning, or of Tears,
Parablus. from the sad ffeets (saith Vatablus)
which

The Preface.

which so wretched a Place produceth, wherein Passengers were constrained (for want of other) to drink Rain-water, kept in pits digged for that purpose.

This course as it is most useful, so I hope needs no excuse; for else how should the Congregation observe the Psalmists rule, Psal. 47. 17 To sing with understanding, when they understand not what they Sing. The serving God upon Others score whom we believe mean well is a fair way to Sing implicit Faith into a Church whose Orthodox Divines both in their Pulpits and writings have so often Said it out.

Neither will any (I hope) be so severe as to conclude, That it is not Davids Psalm, but Ours, so long as we sing it in His sence, though not alwayes according to his strict Letter. For as it is not to be expected from a Translator that he should verbum verbo reddere, give word for word: so with the learned Andreas Viegā, I must conclude

Histor. Concil. Tridentin. Lib. 2. Ann. 1546. is impossible, that all the words of one Language should be transplanted into another, but that there will be some restriction or enlargement of significations. And however One who thus precisely bindes himself to a Literal Interpretation may please himself. He can neither inform those who are less learned, nor keep them from apprehension of prejudice upon the Text: Since that which in the Hebrew is an Elegance, rendred in another Language according to the words would be (to say no worse) perplex'd and barbarous, inducing men, through this defect of the Interpreter, to suspect that the Holy Ghost dictated, and the Church commended some things to the Peoples use, which need not to be understood.

Besides this advantage of Paraphrase where Places are dark, the Congregation happily may find A number

The Preface.

in the contracting divers Psalms, formerly divided into several Parts; so that now, unlesse some Few, the most without these Fractions and interruptions may be sung entirely at Once, not borrowing too much time out of that which is allotted to other Duties.

I have no more to add. But as the Service of God was my first aim, so I shall account my labour fully recompensed, if it proves useful, or acceptable to the most renowned Mother Church of England: Under whose First establishment and happy Reformation, in the best and most Orthodox Times, I profess myself by all obligations of Duty and Devotion an obedient Son and faithful Servant.

Henry Chichester.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*There is published newly A Book
Entituled*

PSALMS and HYMNS to Solome
Musick in Four Parts upon the common
Tunes Used in Parish Churches, wherein
is a perfect Direction to the Use of this ex-
cellent Translation of Bishop King: which
Book is to be sold by *John Playford* at his
Shop in the Temple.

Psalm I.

I

Psalm I.

- T**He man is blest whose feet not tread,
By wicked counsels led :
Nor stands in that perverted way,
In which the Sinners stray ;
Nor joyns himself unto the Chair,
Where Scorners seated are,
2 But in Gods Law both daies and nights
To meditate delights.
3 He shall be like a planted Tree
We near the Rivers see :
Whose branches by their moisture spring,
And fruits in season bring.
4 No parching droughts his leaf invade,
Or make his blossom fade,
For God will his endeavours blest
With prosperous success.
5 But wicked men themselves shall find
Like chaff blown by the wind.
6 Nor in the final Judgment must
Stand up among the Just.
7 For God the righteous guides, and knows
The path wherein he goes :
When ways of sinners perith shall
In their eternal fall.

2

Psalm

Psalm II.

1 **W**hy do the furious Heathen rage?
Vain people why engagèd?

2 Kings of the Earth a Party make,
And Rulers counsel take.

Who 'gainst the Lord that Earth doth sway,
And his Anointed, say,

3 Break we the Bonds they on us lay,
And cast their cords away.

4 But God, who doth the Heavens guide,
Shall them in scorn deride,

5 Then shall his fore displeasure break,
And he in anger speak.

6 Yet have I set my King on high,
Adorn'd with Majesty :

Upon Mount *Sion* rais'd the Throne
Of mine Anointed One.

7 I will declare that firm Decree,
The Lord hath said to me.

Thou art my Son, without all spot,
This day I thee begot.

8 Ask me, and thine Inheritance
O're Nations I'll advance :

Far as the Earth, or Sea extends,
Are thy Possessions ends.

9 Thou with an Iron Rod shalt bruiſe
Such as thy pow'r refuse.

Psalm III.

3

And like a Potters Vessel broke,
So dash them by thy stroke.

10 O therefore all ye Kings that awe
The Nations with your Law ;
Ye Judges of the earth be wise :
His Scepter not despise.

11 Serve ye the Lord with holy fear ;
Rejoyce, yet rev'rence bear.
12 And kils the Son, before his wrath
Your way consumed hath.

For if a little that encrease,
Where can we seek for Peace ?
Since they are only safe, and blest,
Whose hope in him doth rest.

Psalm III.

1 **O** Lord, how fast do they encrease,
Who troubled have my peace ?

They many are, who 'gainst me rise,
And are my enemies.

2 Many there be my Soul upbraid,
And say, God cannot aid.

3 But Lord ! Thou art my Shield, my Praise :
Thou shalt my head up-raise.

4 To God my loud request did cry,
Who heard my voice from high,

5 I laid me down, and rose again :
For he did me sustain.

6 Then though ten thousands me invade,
I will not be afraid.

No, though with threats the furious rout
Encompass me about.

7 Arise, and save me, O my God :
For with thy vengeful Rod
Thou smit'st the cheek, and break'st the jaws
Of such as hate thy Laws.

8 To thee O Lord our God alone
Belongs Salvation.

Who do'st thy blessings evermore
Upon thy people powre.

Psalm IV.

1 **G**Od of my righteousness attend,
When my requests ascend.
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
And eas'd my heaviness.

2 How long, O Mortals, will ye shame
The glory of my Name?
How long will ye love vanities,
And take delight in Lies?

3 Know that the Lord elected hath
Men of unmoved faith.
He, when before his Throne I cry,
Will not my suit deny.

4 Stand of his greatness then in awe,
Nor sin against his Law.

When

Psalm V.

5

When on your bed retir'd, and still,
O meditate his Will ?

5 Of Righteousness the Offering
To God your Maker bring :
And on the hope of his defence,
Place all your confidence.

6 Yet some, who him not understood,
Ask, who shall do us good ?
Lord let thy Face, and Beams Divine,
On us thy servants shine.

7 Thou fill'st my heart with greater joys,
Then theirs, whom plenty cloy.
Who reap their fruits in time of peace,
Whose Corn and Wine encrease.

8 I lay me down, with quiet blest,
To take my sleep, and rest :
For thou, whose goodness doth excel,
Mak'st me in safety dwell.

Psalm V.

1 **L**ord, ponder what my words relate,
Weigh what I meditate.
2 My God and King my cry attend :
To thee my pray'rs I send.

3 My voice O Lord shall in the morn
Up to thy Throne be born.
Betimes will I direct my cry,
And look to thee on high.

B 3.

4 For ,

4 For thou in sin tak'st no delight,
No ill dwells in thy sight.

5 The foolish stand not in thine eye,
Who hat'st iniquity.

6 Thou shalt the lying lips destroy,
Who leasing make their joy.

God will the bloody minded hate,
And punish all deceit.

7 But I, presuming on thy care,
Will to thy House repair :

And towards thy Tempie in thy fear,
Due adoration bear.

8 Me Lord in righteousness dispose,
Beset with watchful foes.

Make streight thy way before my face,
And guide me by thy grace.

9 No faithfulness their mouth contains,
Their heart foul malice stains.

Wide Sepulchres are their black throats,
Their tongues but flatt'ring notes.

10 O God destroy, and let them all
By their own counsels fall :

Themselves by their transgressions quell,
Who 'gainst thy pow'r rebel.

11 But let all faithful ones rejoyce,
And shout with chearful voice :

Because thy love, which knows no end,
Doth ever them defend.

Psalm VI.

7

- 12 Let those rejoyce in thee who trust;
For thou wilt bless the Just:
And with thy favour, as a Shield,
In danger safety yeild.
-

Psalm VI.

- 1 **R**Ebuke me not, O Lord, in wrath,
Whose sin deserv'd it hath:
Nor let thy hot displeasure burn,
Least I to nothing turn.
- 2 Have pittie Lord, for I am weak,
Asham'd my sins to speak.
O heal me, for my bones are vext,
My Soul with grief perplext.
- 3 How long shall I lament, and cry,
For my delivery?
- 4 O turn! and me to favour take,
For thine own mercies sake.
- 5 Can he, who looses lifes short breath,
Remember thee in death?
Or will the dust, and silence raise,
A voice to sound thy praise?
- 6 Weary, and faint, my soul bemoans
Her vain and fruitless groans.
My bed the mark of sorrow wears,
Each night bedew'd with tears.

7 My sight is dim, my melting eye
Clouded with misery.

I languish through my haters rage,
Into untimely age.

8 Depart from me all wicked ones ;
The Lord hath heard my moans.

My voice of weeping, and my tears
Sound loudly in his ears.

9 God, who my supplication takes,
In Pardon answer makes.

10 When their despite, who me defame,
Shall cover'd be with shame.

Psalm VII.

1 **O** Lord my God in thee I trust ;
Deliver me from the unjust.

2 Least Lyon-like my soul he tear,
Whilst none is for my rescue near

3 Lord if this guilt upon me stands,
Or wickedness be in my hands ;

4 If friend I'll rewarded have,
Or causeless foe I did not save :

5 Then let mine enemy pursue,
Let him my captive Soul subdue :
Let him my life to earth down thrust,
And lay mine honour in the dust.

6 O Lord ! in thy fierce wrath arise ;
Take vengeance on mine enemies.

Psalm VII.

9

- 7 The people then shall me come high;
For their sakes lift thy self on high.
- 8 The Lord his judgment shall dispence,
According to mine innocence :
- 9 O let all wicked counsels end ;
But just men stablish, and defend.
- 10 For God the heart and reins doth try ;
Preserves men of integrity.
- 11 God doth in right his judgments lay ;
Yet is provoked every day.
- 12 If he not turn, his Sword is whet ;
His Bow is bent, and ready set.
- 13 The instruments of death he brings,
And Arrows from his quiver flings.
- 14 Behold he travels great with hate,
Mischief conceives, brings forth deceit.
- 15 He made a Ditch, and dig'd a Pit,
And he himself is fall'n in it.
- 16 Thus all his practises revert,
To strike his own malicious heart.
His mischief shall his own head wound,
His violence himself confound.
- 17 I will the praise of God express,
According to his righteousness :
And in my Songs extol the same
Of his most high, most glorious Name.

Psalm

Psalm VIII.

1 **L**ord ! how excelling is thy Name
Through Earths extended frame !
Who hast thy glory set on high,
Above the itarry sky.

2 Thou didst by infant mouths ordain
Renown and strength to gain :
Whose weakness might thy toes confound,
And the Avenger wound.

3 When I consider, Heavens state
Thy fingers did create ;
The Moon, with all the Stars of night,
To which thy beams gave light.

4 O what is Man, or all his Race,
Thy favour should him grace ?

5 Whom, made next Angels in renown,
Thou wilt with glory crown.

6 Thou under his command hast laid
The works thy hand had made,
What in each Element doth meet,
Is subject to his feet.

7 All sheep, and beasts which range the field,
The fowls which air doth yield :
The Fishes, which their motion keep
Within the liquid deep.

8 O Lord our Governour, whose sway
All in the world obey !

How

Psalm IX.

11

How far excelling is thy Name
Through earths extended frame !

Psalm IX.

- 1 **I** Thee will praise with my whole heart,
And all thy wond'rous works impart ;
In Songs and Hymns rejoyce will I,
2 To bleſs thy Name, O thou moſt High.
Mine enemies repulſed all,
Shall at thine awful preſence fall.
4 Thou haſt my righteous cauſe maintain'd,
Whoſe Throne wrong judgment never ſtain'd,
5 At Thy rebuke the Heathens fame
Destroyed is, put out their name.
O Thou malicious enemy,
6 Thy loath'd remembrance now muſt die,
And like the Cities thou haſt raſ'd,
Thine own Memorial is deſac'd.
7 But God for ever ſhall endure,
His throne in judgement ſtabliſh'd ſure.
8 The world He'l judge in righteouſneſs ;
9 A Refuge be in times diſtreſs :
10 Who know Thy Name, in Thee will truſt,
For Thou haſt never lett the juſt.
11 Praise God who doth in Sion dwell ;
His doings to the people tell.
12 When He enquires for Blood, the Cry
Nere paſſes from His memory.

13. Have

- 13 Have mercy on my troubled state,
 O Lord, who life'st me from Death's gate :
 14 That Sion I thy praise may shew,
 Whose joys from thy Salvation grow.
 15 Sunk to the Pit the Heathen are ;
 Their feet are caught in their own snare.
 16 The Lord in their revenge is known,
 Who by themselves are overthrow'n.
 17 The wicked shall be turn'd to hell,
 And all, who God forgetting, fell.
 18 For on the poor he thinks alway,
 Nor shall the Needies hope decay.
 19 Up Lord ! and let not man prevail,
 Nor let thy judgments ever fail.
 20 Put them in fear ; the Nations then
 Will know themselves to be but men.

Psalm X.

- 1 **VV** Hy (Lord !) dost thou so far abide ?
 Thy face in times of trouble hide ?
 2 Proud men the helpless persecute ;
 But let them fall in the pursuit.
 3 He boasteth in his own desires,
 And wretches, whom God hates, admires.
 4 Through pride of heart he God neglects,
 Whom he nor thinks on, nor affects.
 5 His grievous ways thy judgments slight ;
 His thoughts do fear no opposite.
 6 He said, I never shall be mov'd,
 Nor by adversity be prov'd.

- 7 His mouth deceit and curses fill;
Whilst mischiefs from his tongue distill.
- 8 He lurks to kill the Innocent;
His eyes against the poor are bent.
- 9 He as a Lyon lies in wait
To catch the guiltless through deceit.
- 10 With humble shews he doth assay
To make the poor his strong ones prey.
- 11 His heart hath said, God hath forgot:
He hides his face, and seeth not.
- 12 O God, lit up thy self, arise,
And think upon our miseries.
- 13 Why doth his pride and scorn surmount?
As if that God kept no account,
Nor will his wicked works require,
Or in his judgments pay their hire.
- 14 Lord! thou hast seen his impious spite,
Whose hand their follies can requite.
He trusts on thee, whom woes oppress,
Who still do'st help the fatherless.
- 15 Break thou their wicked arm at length,
And let them perish by thy strength.
- 16 Thou canst, O Lord, Eternal King,
The Heathen to destruction bring.
- 17 Thou hear'st thy servants humble plaint;
Prepar'st their heart, art swift to grant:
- 18 To judge the poor and fatherless,
That men of earth no more oppress.

Psalm. X I.

- 1 **I**N God I put my trust : How then
Do ye reproachfull men
Say, to the mountains flie my Soul,
Like to the chafed fowl ?
- 2 For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
Their Deadly shafts to throw;
That privily in darkness they
Th'upright in heart may slay.
- 3 If the foundations perish so,
What can the righteous do ?
- 4 But in his Temple God resides,
Whose Throne in Heaven abides:
- He all beholds with searching eye,
The Sons of men to try.
The Lord His righteous servants proves ;
Hates him oppression loves.
- He snares with fire and brimstone showres,
Upon the wicked pours :
Black tempests are by him rais'd up,
The portion of their cup.
- 5 For the just God doth those respect
Who Righteousness affect.
His countenance and favour bright.
Beholdeth the upright.

Psalm XII.

- 1 **H**elp Lord, for godly men decrease;
Goodness on earth doth cease:
And, like all other Mortals frail,
The faithful Persons fail,
- 2 Each to his neighbour vainly speaks,
And to deceive him seeks:
With flatt'ring lips, and double hearts,
They use deceitful arts.
- 3 God shall cut off their guileful-tongues.
Putt up with Pride and wrongs:
- 4 Who say our words their ends shall gain:
What Lord can us restrain?
- 5 But for th' oppressions of the poor,
Whose sighes their want deplore;
Now, saith the Lord, will I arise
To ease their miseries.
- 6 The words which from the Lord we hear,
As pure and most sincere:
As Silver in the Furnace try'd,
And sev'n times purifi'd.
- 7 Thou shalt, O Lord, keep, Thine Elect,
And from this race protect.
- 8 The wicked live esteem'd and prais'd,
When vilest men are rais'd,

Psalm XIII.

- 1 **H**ow long Lord wilt thou me forget?
Who am with woes beset.
Shall I still languish in disgrace,
Whilst thou dost hide thy face?
- 2 How long shall I without relief
Take counsel of my grief?
How long wilt thou my Soul expose
To her insulting foes?
- 3 Consider, Lord! my Prayer hear,
When I my hands up-rear.
Lighten mine eyes, e're loss of breath
Cause me to sleep in death.
- 4 Lest that mine Enemy prevail,
Triumphing when I fail:
And those that trouble me be glad,
When they behold me sad.
- 5 But in thy Mercy, Lord, and Grace,
My constant trust I place.
My glad heart shall rejoyce alone
In thy salvation.
- 6 I will my grateful Anthems sing
Unto the Heavenly King;
Who with such bountiful regard
His Servants doth reward.

psalm XIV.

1 **T**He fool within his heart hath said,
There is no God that all things made.
Corrupt and wicked are their facts;
Nor is there one who goodness acts.

2 The Lord from Heaven down did look,
And view of all mans children took:
To see if any knowledge sought,
Or upon God would place his thought.

3 But all of them are gone aside,
And in their filthiness abide:
Throughout their numbers there is none
That good performeth, no, not one.

4 Do then all knowledge thus despise,
Those workers of iniquity?
Who eat my people up as bread,
And never God have worshipped.

5 Affrighted they, and stricken were
With great amaze, and sudden fear.
For God amongst the righteous Race
Is ever present by his Grace.

6 The poor mans counsel, and his faith,
Your shameless malice mocked hath;
Because he God his Refuge makes,
And sure protection from him takes.

O who, that Israel may live,
Salvation will from Sion give?

C

When

When God shall his from bondage free,
Then *Jacobs* Race shall joyful be.

Psalm XV.

- 1 **L**ord ! who shall in thy dwelling bide?
Or on thy Hill reside?
- 2 Ev'n he whose life, and deeds are right ;
Whose words in truth delight.
- 3 He who reviles not with his tongue,
Nor doth his Neighbour wrong :
Who none with slanders doth back-bite,
Or undeserved spight.
- 4 Who in his pure impartial eyes,
Vile persons doth despise ;
But love and honour doth afford
To them that fear the Lord.
- 5 Whose mind not alters, if he swear,
Though he a looser were :
- 6 Nor by extortion wealth contracts,
Nor lawless use exacts.
- Nor to betray the innocent
For wicked bribes is bent.
- 7 Who so doth this, shall never move
Out of his Makers love.

Psalm XVI.

- 1 **P**reserve, O God, and succour me,
Who put my faithful trust in thee.

- 2 Thou, O my Soul, to him hast said,
Thou art my Lord and only aid.
To thee my goodness not extends,
No merit nor perfection lends.
- 3 But my delight on Saints is plac'd,
By most excell'g virtues grac'd.
- 4 Their sorrows shall be multiply'd,
Who have on other Gods rely'd :
To these I no burnt offering,
Nor bloody Sacrifice will bring ;
Of them I neither mention make,
Nor in my lips their Names will take.
- 5 Thou only, who my portion art,
Shalt have the duties of my heart.

God fills my Cup, and doth advance
The lot of mine inheritance :

- 6 My lines in pleasant places laid
A wealthy Heritage have made.
- 7 Thee therefore will I ever blest,
Who gav'st me counsel in distress,
And by thy warnings dost invite
My Reins to serve thee in the night.
- 8 I set the Lord before mine eye,
And hold him in my memory ,
Whilst he assists at my right hand,
I stedfast and unmoved stand.
- 9 This glads my heart, my glory shall
Rejoyce, how low so e're I fall :
And in the grave my flesh shall rest,
With hope to rise again posselt.

- 10 Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hell
Eternally condemn'd to dwell ;
Nor sufferest thy Holy One
In death to see corruption.
- 11 Thou wilt the Path of Life declare,
At whose right Hand and Presence are
Such pleasures which no time shall end,
And joys no thought can comprehend.

Psalm XVII.

- 1 **L**ord hear the right, my cry attend ,
My pray'r, which lips unfeigned send.
- 2 Judge me, and with impartial eye
Behold my causes equity.
- 3 Thou prov'st my heart, and in the night
Visit'st, and try'st, and find'st me right.
- I in my purpos'd thoughts profess,
That never shall my mouth transgress,
- 4 Thy Word hath kept me from mens works,
And paths whtre the destroyer lurks.
- 5 Hold up my goings in thy way,
That so, my footsteps never stray.
- 6 I call'd on thee, who art inclin'd
My voice to hear, my speech to mind.
- 7 O shew thy kindness, thou, whose hand
Sav'st them that trust, when foes withstand.
- 8 Keep as the Apple of the Eye,
And by thee shadow'd let me lye :
- 9 From wicked men, and deadly foes,
Whose strong oppressions me inclose.

Psalm XVIII.

21

10 For they with fatness swollen, and pride,
11 Have compass'd us, and closely ey'd :
12 Like Lyons greedy of their prey,
Or Lyons whelps, they lurking lay.

13 Arise, O Lord, and in thy frown,
Both disappoint, and cast him down.
Deliv'rance to my soul afford
From wicked men, who are thy Sword.

14 From men, I say, who are thy hand,
To punish sinners in the Land :
Whom pleasures of the world inflave,
And in this life their portion have.

Thou giv'st them treasure at their will,
Their belly dost with plenty fill :
Who full of Children at their death
Their substance to their Race bequeath.

15 But I behold thy glorious sight
'And Presence will in endless light :
And wak'd from death, with thee abide,
With thy blest likeness satish'd.

Psalm XVIII.

1 **I** Thee will love, O Lord, my pow'r ;
Thou art my Fortress, Rock, and Tow'r :
2 My God, my Trust, my Confidence ;
My Horn of Safety, and defence.
3 To God most prais'd I send my cries,
Who saves me from mine enemies :
4 When pangs of circling death prevail'd,
And floods of wicked men assail'd.

- 5 I compass'd am with pains of Hell ;
The snares of death about me dwell.
6 To God I cry'd, distressed and griev'd ;
Who from his Temple me reliev'd,
7 The earth then trembled at his wrath,
Which her foundations shaken hath.
8 A smoak from out his Nostrils came,
And from his mouth devouring flame,

9 He bow'd the Heavens, and came down ;
Beneath his feet was darkness thrown :
10 On flying Cherubs he did ride ;
11 On wings of Wind through Heaven glide :
Thick darkness his Pavilion made ;
And watry Clouds the Sky o'relaid.
12 Yet at his brightness those gave place ;
Whilst hail and fire powr'd down apace.

13 His voice was heard in Thunders loud ;
And coals fell from the breaking Cloud :
14 His shafts dispers'd them, as they flew,
Their force his darted lightnings slew.
15 The Oceans Channel did appear ;
The world's Foundations naked were,
At thy rebuke, O Lord, and blast,
Which thy incensed Nostrils cast.

16 He me from many waters took,
17 My too strong foes with vengeance strook,
18 They me in day of trouble seiz'd ;
But God my stay those sorrows eas'd.
19 He brought me to a spacious place,
Deliv'ring me through his free grace.
20 He did my righteousness regard,
And cleanness of my hands reward. 21 For

- 21 For I the ways of God have kept ;
Nor wickedly his Precepts left.
22 His Judgments I, and Statutes prize ;
Still placing them before my eyes.
23 I perfect was, and innocent ;
Nor to ungodly courses bent ;
24 Therefore as guiltless, and upright ,
I am rewarded in his sight.

Second Part.

- 25 Thou to the merciful art kind ;
26 And pure, where thou dost pureness find.
27 But with the froward art perverse ;
Dost save the poor, the proud disperse.
28 For thou my Candle wilt make bright,
And turn my darkness into light.
29 By thee I made a Troop to fall ;
And through my God leap'd o're a wall.
30 Gods way is perfect, his Word try'd,
Doth as a Shield the faithful hide.
31 Who can like him a Saviour be ?
Or who a Rock to us, but He ?
32 'Tis God that girdeth me with might,
And keeps me in my ways upright :
33 My feet, like Hinds, he maketh swift,
And to high places doth me lift.
34 'Tis he doth teach my hands to war ;
Steel Bows by them now broken are.
35 Thou wast my Shield, thy hand sustain'd :
I through thy favour greatness gain'd,

- 36 My feet enlarged have not fail'd ;
 37 'Gainst foes pursuit my hands prevail'd :
 38 Whose pride now quite confounded lies ;
 Wounded and fall'n, no more to rise.
 39 Thou girdest me with strength for fight,
 And hast subdu'd the Rebels might :
 40 Their captive necks below me bend,
 And in deserv'd destruction end.
 41 They cry'd for safety 'midst their fear ;
 But God nor help them would, nor hear.
 42 Like dust blown up, so did I beat,
 And tread them down in their retreat.
 43 From mutiny, and peoples strife,
 O Lord, thou rescu'd hast my life.
 My head o're Nations thou dost crown ;
 Those serve me, whom I have not known.
 44 Soon as they hear, they me obey ;
 And strangers stoop unto my sway.
 45 The aliens away shall fade,
 And their close places leave dismaid.
 46 Blest be my Rock, who ever lives ;
 Exalt him, who Salvation gives.
 47 'Tis God whose vengeance doth pursue,
 And people under me subdue.
 48 He saves me from mine Enemies,
 And lifts me up 'bove those that rise.
 He is my rescue, my defence,
 From men of blood and violence.
 49 Therefore will I to thee, O Lord,
 My thanks Eternally record :

Amongst

- Amongst the Heathen speak thy fame,
And praises sing unto thy Name.
50 He great deliverance doth bring,
In love to his annointed King :
His mercies doth on *David* powre,
And on his seed for evermore.

Psalm XIX.

- 1 **T**He Heavens high declare the fame
Of God who did them frame.
2 One day another tells, and night
His wonders doth recite.
3 They have no Language, yet they teach,
Without or tongue, or speech :
4 And through the earth their sound is gone
To every Nation.

God in the Circle of those Spheres
A Tabernacle rears,
In which the swift unweari'd Sun
His daily course may run.

- 5 Who, as a Bridegroom freshly deckt,
Doth on the world reflect :
And, as a Gyant strong in might,
Darts forth his piercing light.
6 He breaking from the Eastern Skies,
Doth from his Chambers rise :
And till his beams declining set,
Nothing can shun his heat.

7 Gods Law is incorrupt, and whole ;
Converting every Soul.

His faithful promise never dies ;
And makes the simple wise.

8 The Statutes of the Lord are right,
And drooping hearts delight.

Both pure, and perfect, his command
Gives light to understand.

9 Most unpolluted is his fear,
Eternal, and sincere.

The judgments of the Lord are fixt ;
With truth and Justice mixt.

10 More to be wish'd then Golden Mines,
When them the test refines :

And more then honey that distils,
The mouth with sweetness fills.

11 By these thy servant warned is,
Oft as he goes amiss :

Which yield a plentiful reward
To all that them regard.

12 Who knows how often he offends ?
How far his sin extends ?

Lord cleanse my Soul from crimes conceal'd,
To none but thee reveal'd.

13 Keep me, that no presumptuous stain
May o're thy Servant reign :

Then shall I walk in innocence,
Free from the great offence.

Psalm XX.

27

14 O Lord ! my only Strength and Tow'r,
Who sav'st me by thy pow'r ;
Let all my words, and thoughts, by thee
Heard, and accepted be.

Psalm XX.

1 **T**He Lord in thy afflictions day
Give ear when thou dost pray,
The Name of *Jacob's* God defend,
On whom thy hopes depend.

2 Help from his Sanctuary send,
And strength from *Sion* lend.

3 Thy gifts in his remembrance prize ;
Accept thy Sacrifice.

4 May he, who comforts doth inspire,
Grant thee thy heart's desire.
Make thee enjoy thy wishes still ;
Thy counsels all fulfill.

5 With thankful and triumphant voice
We in thy help rejoyce :
And in thy Name our Banners rear,
Who wilt thy servants hear.

6 Now know I God, who power gave,
Doth his Anointed save.
He hears from Heav'n, and his right hand
Makes him in safety stand.

7 Some

- 7 Some in their armed Chariots force,
Some put their trust in horse :
But we remember will the Lord,
Whose Name doth strength afford.
- 8 They are brought down, and fall'n in war ;
We rais'd in triumph are.
- 9 O save us Lord, great Heavens King,
Hear those requests we bring.

Psalm XXI.

- 1 **T**He King shall in thy strength be glad,
Through thee with safety clad.
- 2 Thou gav'st him all his heart desir'd,
And what his lips requir'd.
- 3 Thou didst no good from him withhold ;
Crown'd'st him with purest gold.
- 4 He asked life, and thou didst give
Him endless days to live.
- 5 Great Majesty doth him invest,
Through thy Salvation blest.
- 6 Thou giv'st him joy, and lasting grace,
The favour of thy face.
- 7 The King on God his trust hath plac'd,
Whose Mercy keeps him fast :
- 8 Thy right hand all thy Foes shall find,
Whose hate 'gainst thee combin'd.
- 9 Thy wrath shall those who thee forsake,
A Fiery Oven make.

The Lord shall swallow them in ire,
By his revenges Fire.

- 10 Their fruit shalt thou destroy from earth,
Root out their childrens birth ;
- 11 For they 'gainst thee did ill invent,
Though fail'd in their intent.
- 12 When at their face thine arrows aim,
They turn their back with shame.
- 13 O Lord ! thy strength and glory raise ;
So we thy pow'r will praise.

Psalm XXII.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, upon me look ;
O wherefore hast thou me forsook ?
Why help'st thou not, when I implore ?
Nor hear'st, when I through anguish roar ?
- 2 O God by day to thee I cry ;
But thou thy audience dost deny :
And in the night, when I should sleep,
My sorrows will not silence keep.
- 3 But thou in Holiness dost dwell,
O thou the praise of Israel !
- 4 Our Fathers plac'd their trust in thee ;
And thy deliverance set them free.
- 5 They cry'd to thee, surpriz'd with fear,
And from confusion saved were.
- 6 But I a worm, and no man am ;
Reproach of men, and peoples shams.

7 Beholders

- 7 Beholders Me their pastime make,
 Shoot out their lip, their head they shake.
 8 He trusted God, that he would save :
 See, if from him he safety have.
 9 But thou didst take me from the Womb,
 And ever since my hope become.
 10 On thee, when on the breast I hung,
 And from the birth, my care was flung.
 11 When trouble's near, O be not far :
 Since left to me no helpers are.
 12 For many Bulls with bellowing sound,
 Strong Bulls of *Bashan* girt me round.
 13 They gape like Lyons me about,
 14 I am like water powred out.
 My bones disjoynted torture cracks ;
 My heart within me melts like wax.
 15 My strength is like a Pot-sheard dry'd ;
 My tongue up to my palate ty'd.
 16 Thou brought'st me down unto the grave :
 For dogs my life encompass have.
 Assemblies of the wicked meet ;
 They pierced have my hands and feet :
 17 My bones stick out, consum'd, and bare ;
 Whil'st they remorseless on me stare.
 18 They now to part my garments hast,
 And Lots upon my vesture cast.
 19 But be not far from me, O Lord ;
 20 My soul deliver from the sword.
 21 My Darling save from rav'ning jaws
 Of Dogs, and from the Lyons paws.
 For thou hast heard me from the horns
 Of fierce assailing Unicorns.

- 22 I to my Brethren will proclaim
The praises due to thy great Name.
- 23 Ye that fear God, all *Jacobs* line,
And *Israels* seed in praises joyn.
- 24 Th' afflicted he did ne're despise;
Nor hid his face, but heard their cries.
- 25 My praise, and vows devout to thee
Shall in thy Church performed be.
- 26 He to the meek will plenty give:
The hearts, that seek him, ever live.
- 27 Far as the world extends its bound,
Religious Converts shall be found.
They shall remember, and implore;
And ev'ry Kindred him adore.
- 28 For God's the Kingdom is, whose sway
All Nations of the Earth obey.
- 29 The rich, who on Earth's fatness feed;
Ev'n to the Soul that dies for need;
All from the Throne unto the dust,
Before him bow, and worship must.
- 30 All these shall serve him in their seed,
And Sons to God adopted breed:
- 31 Who to succession shall proclaim
His righteousness and awful Name.

Psalm XXIII.

- 1 **T**He Lord my Shepherd is, and Guide,
I shall no want abide.
- 2 He makes me lye in fruitful meads,
And by still waters leads.

3 My Soul to danger given o're
He doth again restore ;
And guides me in the righteous path
His Name elected hath.

4 Yea though in vale of darknes laid,
Or Death's more ghastly shade,
I fear no ill : Thy Rod, and Staff
Direct, and keep me safe.

5 Thou dost for me a plenteous fare
Before my foes prepare.
Thou dost with oyl annoint my head,
My flowing Cup doth shed.

6 Thy mercy sure shall me attend,
Until my life doth end :
And in the House of God will I
Remain Eternally.

Psalm XXIV.

1 **E**arth is the Lords, with her increase ;
And all that there have place.
2 He founded it upon the Seas,
And made the floods her base.
3 Who in Gods holy place shall stand,
Or on his Hill appear ?
4 He, who is pure in heart and hand,
Nor to deceive doth swear.
5 His blessings shall from God receive,
And righteousness from high.

Psalm XXV.

33

6 This is their Race, who God believe,
And to his sight are nigh.

7 Lift up ye Gates, lift up your head,
Ye Doors Eternal spread :

The King of Glory shall come in ;
And his approach begin.

8 Who is the Great, and Glorious King,
Of whom our praises sing ?

The Lord in Battel mighty, this
The King of Glory is.

9 Lift up ye Gates, lift up your head,
Ye Doors Eternal spread :

The King of Glory shall come in ;
And his approach begin.

10 Who is the Great, and Glorious King,
Of whom our praises sing ?

The Lord in Battel mighty, this
The King of Glory is.

Psalm XXV.

VVith thoughts lift up to thee
O God my Soul doth flee.

To shame O never me expose ;
Nor triumph of my Foes.

Let those be free from shame,

Who wait upon thy Name ;

But let them feel it, who thy Laws

Transgress without a cause.

D

Thy

- 4 Thy ways unto me shew ;
 Teach me thy truth to know.
 5 Thou art the God dost me defend ;
 On thee I still depend.
 6 Think on thy mercies Lord,
 Thy ancient love record.
 7 Remember not my sins of youth ,
 But save me in thy truth.
 8 Good is the Lord : His ways
 To sinners he displays.
 9 The meek he will in judgment guide,
 Who in his Precepts bide.
 10 His paths with truth abound ;
 Great mercies there are found ;
 Which he unto all such doth grant,
 Who keep his Covenant.
 11 O for thy Names sake Lord,
 Pardon to me afford !
 And with my heinous crime dispence ;
 For great is mine offence.
 12 To him that fears, he shews
 The way which he shall chuse :
 13 His Soul shall dwell at ease ; his Race
 Shall long on earth have place.
 14 To them who God do fear,
 His secret shall appear.
 He will his Covenant declare
 To such as faithful are.

Psalm XXVI.

35

- 15 Mine eyes on God are set,
Who plucks me from the Net.
16 O Lord to me in mercy turn,
Afflicted, and forlorn.
17 My heart's distress is large:
O thou my woes discharge.
18 Look on the pain wherein I live,
And all my sins forgive.
19 Think on my many Foes,
Whose hate most cruel grows.
20 O keep my soul from scandal free,
Who put my trust in thee.
21 Let Justice me defend,
Who on thy Grace attend.
22 Thy Israel O God release,
And all his troubles ease.

Psalm XXVI.

- 1 **I**udge me (O God) for in thy path
My foot insisted hath.
My trust hath on thee Lord rely'd;
Therefore I shall not slide.
2 Examine me (O Lord) and try;
My reins and heart descry.
3 Thy mercy still is in my sight;
Thy truth hath kept me right.

- 4 I have not with vain persons sate,
Or those that use deceit :
- 5 Ill Congregations I detest;
Nor am the sinners Guest.
- 6 In Innocence I'll wash my hand ;
So at thine Altar stand :
- 7 That I may publish in my Song
What thanks to thee belong.
- 8 O Lord ! devoutly I affect
The House thou dost Elect.
I love the honour of that place
Thy presence deigns to grace.
- 9 Shut not my Soul, nor judge my life,
With men of blood and strife :
- 10 Whose arm it self in mischief lifts ;
Whose hand is fill'd with gifts.
- 11 In mine integrity I go ,
Save me, and mercy show.
- 12 So will I praise thee, when my feet
Within thy Temple meet.

Psalm XXV I.

- 1 **G**od my Salvation is, and Light:
What terror then shall me affright ?
My life's sole strength he is, and aid.
Of whom then shall I be afraid ?
- 2 When wicked men, mine enemies,
Conspiring did against me rise :

Psalm XXVII.

37

When they approach'd my flesh to eat,
They stumbling fell in their retreat.

- 3 Although an Host encamped were ;
My heart their numbers shall not fear.
And though a War against me rise,
My confidence shall them despise.
- 4 One thing of God I have desir'd ;
That I unto his house retir'd,
Might spend my daies, and there grow old,
His Temples beauty to behold.
- 5 For he, when times of trouble threat
Will me in his Pavilion seat ;
Within his Tabernacle hide,
And safety on a Rock provide.
- 6 And now my head up-lifted shall,
Behold my Foes incircling fall :
Therefore glad Songs, and Sacrifice,
With praises to thy Throne shall rise.
- 7 Hear (O my Lord) and when I cry,
In mercy to my voice reply.
- 8 When thou command'st : Seek ye my face ;
My heart, O Lord, I seek thee, says.
- 9 Hide not thy face from me in ire ;
Nor leave me helpless, I desire :
- 10 Who, when my Parents me forsake,
Wilt me unto thy favour take.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy ways to tread ;
In paths of truth and plainness lead.
- 12 Nor leave me to their cruel will,
Who raise false witness, me to kill,

13 I fainted had, but for belief,
 In endless life to find relief.
 Wait on the Lord, of courage be;
 O wait on him will strengthen thee.

Psalm XXVIII.

- 1 **T**O thee (O Lord) my Rock, I cry;
 Forbear not to reply:
 Least I be, if thou silence keep,
 Like those in Death that sleep.
- 2 Hear thou the voice of my request,
 In accents loud exprest:
 When I with lifted hands entreat
 Before thy Mercy Seat.
- 3 O draw me not with sinners hence,
 Whose works are thy offence:
 Who when their hearts would mischief wreak,
 Peace to their Neighbour speak.
- 4 Give them according to their deeds;
 And wicked labours seeds:
 And in the works they did invent,
 Render their punishment.
- 5 Because Gods works they set at naught,
 And what his hand hath wrought;
 He cast them to destruction shall;
 Nor build them when they fall.
- 6 Blessed be God, who when I pray'd,
 Became my Shield, and aid.

Psalm XXIX.

39

7 Therefore my heart in Songs of Praise
With joy his fame shall raise.

8 He his Anointed doth defend ;
Strength to his Servants send.

9 Thy people save ; thine Heritance
To endless bliss advance.

Psalm XXIX.

1 **Y**E mighty in your Race, and Tribe,
Glory to God ascribe.

2 In beauty of his Holiness
His Name adore and bless.

3 The Lord by his commanding voice
Brings down the waters noise.

The glorious God-the Thunder makes,
Which Earths foundation shakes.

4 He rules the Sea with pow'r from high,
Dreadful in Majesty.

5 His Voice, when he in fury speaks,
The lofty Cedars breaks.

6 Like sporting Calves the Mountains skip,
Great *Lebanon* doth leap :
And *Syrion*, by his Motion born,
Like a young Unicorn.

7 His Voice the flames of fire divides,
From Clouds when Lightning glides.

8 At his rebuke the Desert quakes,
And barren *Kadesh* shakes.

D 4

9 Bring

- 9 Bring forth he makes the frightened Hinds;
Rends Forrests with his winds.
And all his glory must declare,
Who in his Temple are.
- 10 God sits above the watry main;
Doth King for ever reign.
- 11 He will his peoples strength encrease,
And blefs them long with peace.

Psalm XXX.

- 1 **O** Lord, I thee will magnifie;
For thou hast lifted me on high:
Nor madest me a scorn to those,
Who were my lifes professed Foes.
- 2 O Lord my God, I cry'd to thee,
Who hast in mercy healed me.
- 3 My Soul thou broughtest from the grave,
And from the Pit of Hell didst save.
- 4 O all ye Saints your voices raise,
To sing your Makers endless praise;
Remember still with thanks to blefs,
And magnifie his Holiness.
- 5 For but a moment lasts his wrath,
His favour life restored hath.
Our weeping may endure a night,
But joy comes with the morning light.
- 6 In my prosperity I said,
My Bases are for ever laid:
I shall not from my place remove,
But stand supported by thy love,

No change of times, or Fortunes hate,
Can overthrow my happy state :
7 For thou my Mountain mad'st so strong,
I shall on earth continue long.

Yet, whilst exalted in my thought,
I was to sudden trouble brought :
And soon as thou didst hide thy face,
My comforts vanish'd hence apace.

8 Then unto thee, O Lord, did I
With humble supplication cry.
I did to God my plaint address,
Thus powring forth my heaviness.

9 O thou most glorious, most good,
What profit is there in my blood ?
What triumph canst thou gain by it,
When I go down into the pit ?
Shall silent dust, or darkness have
A tongue to praise thee in the grave ?
Or those in earth, who closed are,
From their low Cells thy truth declare ?

10 O Lord thine ear of mercy lend,
And from thy dwelling succour send.
11 For thou the cause for which I mourn'd,
Hast into Songs and Dances turn'd.
My Sackcloth thou didst off me take,
And chearful Robes of Gladness make.
12 That I thy praises might renew ;
To whom incessant thanks are due.

Psalm XXXI.

- I** N thee O Lord I put my trust :
 Save me from shame, as thou art just.
 Bow down thy gracious ear with speed ;
 Be thou my strong defence at need.
 For thou, my Rock, dost me protect :
 O for thy Names sake me direct !
 Pull me from out the dang'rous Net
 Which they for me have closely set.
 My Spirit I to thee commit,
 For thou, O God, didst purchase it.
 I hate all those love vanities,
 But on the Lord my trust relies.
 I joy in thy compassion shown,
 Who hast my Soul in trouble known.
 Thou didst from hostile hands discharge,
 To liberty my feet enlarge.
 Have mercy (Lord) and send relief ;
 Mine eye and Soul both wait with grief.
 Through sin I sigh away my daies :
 My bones consume, my strength decays.
 My Foes reproach, my Neighbours fright
 I am ; whilst friends avoid my sight.
 Like to the dead, I sit forgot,
 And useles, as a broken Pot.
 For I their slander heard, and strife,
 Who counsel took against my life.
 But (Lord !) my trust in thee is laid ;
 Thou art my God, my Help, I said.

- 15 My fleeting times are in thy hand,
Whose short-liv'd date by thee is span'd.
Me never to the pow'r expose,
Or hand of persecuting Foes.
- 16 On me O let thy favour shine :
To save me through thy grace incline.
- 17 Thy servant let no shame befall.
Who daily on thy Name do call.
Let wicked men confusion have,
Put down to silence in the grave.
- 18 And shut the lying lips, that use
The Just by slanders to traduce.
- 19 O how great goodness hast thou wrought,
For those thee fear, whose Faith thee sought ?
- 20 Them shalt thou in thy presence hide,
Kept safe from mens insulting pride.
And from the tongues malicious strife,
As in a Tow'r defend their life.
- 21 Blessed be God, whose love endures;
Whose strong protection me secures.
- 22 I said, though in my haste unwise,
I am cut off before thine eyes.
Yet hast thou not my suit deny'd,
When in my pray'r to thee I cry'd.
- 23 O love the Lord, who his regards;
And with revenge the proud rewards.
- 24 Be bold, since he such grace imparts,
To strengthen both your hopes, and hearts.

Psalm XXXII.

- 1 **B**lessed is he, whose wickedness
To pardon finds access :
Whose sin, with all he did amiss,
Forgot, and cover'd is.
- 2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord
Imputes no crime abhord :
Whose spirit right, whose heart is streight,
And harbours no deceit.
- 3 When I my tongue from speech refrain'd,
I was with anguish pain'd.
My bones waxt old through discontent :
My daies in moans were spent.
- 4 Thy hand upon me heavy lay,
Not resting night or day.
My moisture was to nothing brought,
Like fields in Summers drought.
- 5 Then I to thee my sin reveal'd,
And no offence conceal'd.
And, soon as my confession said,
My peace with thee was made.
- 6 For this to thee shall prayer sound,
What time thou mayst be found.
Nor shall the floods, which highest go,
Thy servants overflow.
- 7 Thou art a refuge me to hide
From dangers troubled tide :

Psalm XXXIII.

45

With Songs of thy delivery
I shall encompass lye.

8 I will inform thy life, and teach,
How thou this blis shalt reach :
And with mine eye I thee will guide,
Least thou shouldst tread aside.

9 Be ye not like the Horse, or Mule,
Whom reason cannot rule ;
Whose stubborn mouths the bit, and rein,
From fury must restrain.

10 Great plagues, and pains that never end,
For wicked men attend.
But those, in God their trust who place,
Sure mercies shall embrace.

Be glad ye righteous, and rejoyce,
Who make the Lord your choice.
With shouts aloud your joy impart,
All ye upright in heart.

Psalm XXXIII.

YE righteous in the Lord delight,
For praise becomes th' upright.
Let Harp and Psalteries consent,
The ten-string'd instrument.

New Songs record unto the voice,
With their melodious noise.
For just Gods promise is to you ;
And all his works are true.

With

5 He

- 5 He righteousness and judgment wills ;
 All Earth his goodness fills.
 6 The Heav'ns bright Host, and all beneath,
 He formed with his breath.
 7 He doth the waters of the deep
 Heap'd in his Store-house keep.
 8 Let men, and all which Earth doth bear,
 Of him then stand in fear.
 9 He spake, and at his Free Commands
 The World unmoved stands.
 10 Mens counsels and deviles wrought
 The Lord will bring to nought.
 11 Yet through all Ages his Decree,
 And thoughts unchanged be.
 12 Blest is the people he protects,
 And for his Lot Elects.
 13 The Lord from Heav'n, his dwelling place,
 14 Beheld all Humane Race :
 15 Their hearts he fashion'd; whose each thought
 And work to light is brought.
 16 No King is sav'd by multitude ;
 Nor man with might endu'd.
 17 As vain for safety is the horse,
 To rescue by his force.
 18 Who fear, and on Gods love relye,
 Are ever in his eye :
 19 Their Soul to rescue from the grave,
 And life from famine save.

Psalm XXXIV.

47

- 20 Our Soul doth wait for God our Shield,
21 Glad hopes on him we build.
22 Lord let thy mercy on us be,
As we believe in thee.

Psalm XXXIV.

- 1 **I** Will at all times bleſs the Lord;
His praises ſtill record;
2 And whilſt my Soul of God makes choice,
The humble ſhall rejoyce.
3 The Lord with me O magnifie;
Exalt his Name on high:
I fought him, who my prayer heard,
And ſav'd from all I fear'd.
5 They look'd to him, and light'ned were,
No ſhame their faces bear:
6 For God did at the poor mans cry,
Relieve his miſery.
7 His Angel thoſe environs round,
Who in his fear are found.
8 O taſt, and ſee how good is he
To ſuch as faithful be.
9 O fear the Lord, ye Saints of his;
For ſuch no bleſſings miſs.
10 Young Lyons often lacking prey,
With hunger pine away.

But

- But those that seek his Covenant
No good thing ever want :
- 11 Come children, hearken to my speech ;
I you his fear will teach.
- 12 What man is he, long life doth crave,
Or happy daies would have ?
- 13 Keep thou thy tongue from wicked wile,
Thy lips from speaking guile.
- 14 Depart from ill, in good encrease ;
Pursue, and seek for peace.
- 15 For on the just God casts his eyes,
His ears admit their cries.
- 16 Against the bad he sets his face,
To cut them from their place.
- 17 The righteous cry, and God attends ;
In trouble safety lends.
- 18 He doth in broken hearts delight,
And saveth souls contrite.
- 19 Great troubles on the righteous fall,
But he relieves in ail.
- 20 He keeps the number of each bone,
Nor broken shall be one.
- 21 Transgressors their own mischiefs slay,
And with just vengeance pay.
- All such as do the righteous hate,
Shall soon be desolate.
- 22 For God his servants Souls redeems,
And dear their faith esteems.

Psalm XXXV.

PLead (Lord) my cause with striving Foes,
Against them fight who me oppose.

- 2 The Shield for my protection wear;
Draw out thy all-subduing spear.
Stop thou my Persecutors way;
Soul, I am thy salvation, say.
- 4 Let them drove back with shame retire,
Who to procure my hurt conspire.

- 5 Like chaff before the Whirlwinds blast,
Let them be by Gods Angel chas'd.
- 6 Dark be their way, their steps untrue;
And let his Angel them pursue.
- 7 For without cause they hid their snare,
And for my Soul did Pits prepare.
- 8 But let themselves surprized all,
In their contriv'd destruction fall.

- 9 My Soul in God shall joyful be;
- 10 My bones all say, Who's like to thee?
Who keep'st the poor from suff'ring wrong,
And help'st the needy 'gainst the strong.
- 11 False witnesses did against me rise,
And things unknown to me devise.
- 12 For good they me reward with ill,
To spoil my soul, and life to spill.

- 13 Yet when they lay in sickness cast,
I did for them both pray, and fast,
- 14 As for my friend, or brother born,
Or for my Mother did I mourn.

- 15 But of my trouble glad they joynd ;
Yea abjects in my scorn combin'd.
- 16 The mocking hypocrites at feasts,
By flouting me, delight the Guests.
- 17 How long wilt thou look on, O Lord,
Nor rescue to my soul afford ?
O save me from destructions jaws ;
My Darling from the Lyons paws.
- 18 Then in the great Assembly, I
Will thanks and praises multiply.
- 19 Let not insulting Foes despise,
Or wink upon me with their eyes.
- 20 They speak not peace, but practise strife,
Disturbing those of quiet life.
- 21 Their mouth 'gainst me they opened wide,
Ha, ha, our eye hath seen it, cry'd.
- 22 O Lord ! Thou their despite dost see ;
Nor silence keep, nor absent be.
- 23 Stir up thy self, to judgment wake ;
My cause to thy protection take.
- 24 O judge me in thy truth, least they
25 With joy, we have him swallow'd, say.
- 26 But let confounding shame them cloath,
Who love my hurt, my quiet loath.
- 27 Let them that favour my just cause,
Extol the Lord with loud applause ;
Whose goodness doth his servant raise ;
- 28 And still my tongue shall speak thy praise.

Psalm XXXVI.

- 1 **M**Y heart of the transgressor saith,
No fear of God he hath.
- 2 Himself he flatters in conceit,
Becoming all mens hate.
- 3 His mouth doth fraud, and sin devise;
He is nor good, nor wise.
- 4 He mischief on his bed contrives,
By ways abhorred thrives.
- 5 Up to the Clouds thy mercies reach;
The Hills thy Justice teach.
- 6 Thy Judgments (Lord) who all dost keep,
Are like th' unfathom'd deep.
- 7 How doth thy love excel ! Thy wing
Mankind o're-shadowing.
- 8 Thy house to them full plenty brings,
Who drink of thy pure Springs.
- 9 Thou hast Lifes Springs, and in thy sight
We shall behold the light.
- 10 Thy kindness (Lord) and grace impart,
To the upright in heart.
- 11 Let not the foot of Pride prevail,
Nor wicked hands assail.
- 12 Down are they fall'n who ill's devise;
And never shall arise.

Psalm XXXVII.

- 1 **F**Ret not thy self, nor envious be
At those that work iniquity.
- 2 For they shall soon to nothing pass,
Cut down and wither'd like the grass.
- 3 Trust in the Lord, be doing good,
So shalt thou dwelling have, and food.
- 4 Delight in him, and for thy hire,
He give thee will thy hearts desire.
- 5 Commit thy self to his sole care,
By whom our actions crowned are.
- 6 Thine Innocence he'll bring to light,
Clear as the day, or noon-tide bright.
- 7 Rest then on him, nor 'gainst those fret,
Whose wicked projects prosper yet.
- 8 And cease from wrath; lest anger may
To greater evils thee betray.
- 9 For wicked ones are cut away;
But good men long on earth shall stay.
- 10 The sinners vanish in short space:
Though sought, thou shalt not find their place.
- 11 Yet shall the meek unshaken stand,
Inheriting the promis'd Land:
Their blessings here on earth encrease,
With plenty crown'd, and lasting peace.
- 12 Ill men with fury and despight,
By plots would circumvent th' upright.
- 13 But God shall laugh, and them despise;
Whose vengeful day is coming nigh.

4 Their Sword is drawn, their Bow is bent,
To slay the Just is their intent.

5 But by their Sword themselves shall die,
And all their Bows shall broken lie.

6 A good mans lot, though small, is more
Then wicked rich mens wealthy store.

7 Destruction shall their arms enfold;
But God the righteous doth uphold.

8 The Lord accounts the just mens age,
And will prolong their Heritage:

9 In evil times not sham'd, nor griev'd;
In daies of famine still reliev'd.

10 But Gods enraged enemies
Shall vanish as the Smoaks that rise:
Dissolv'd, and melted into fume,
As doth the fat of Lambs consume.

11 The wicked borrow, but not pay;
The good both lend, and give away.

12 Such as he blest, possess the Land;
The bad cut off, and cursed stand.

Second Part.

3 A good mans steps God orders right,
Who doth in his Commands delight.

4 Though fallen, he shall rise again;
For Gods right hand doth him sustain.

5 I have been young, and now am old,
Yet never did my eyes behold
The just forsaken, or unsted;
Or see his children beg their bread.

- 26 He mercy shews, and lends in need ;
And ever blessed is his seed.
27 Depart from evil, and do well,
That you with him may ever dwell.
28 God judgment loves, his Saints not leaves,
But sinners of their Race bereaves.
29 The Just his promis'd Land possess,
And dwell in endless happiness.
- 30 In judgment, and discourses wise,
A righteous mouth will exercise.
31 Gods Law doth in his heart abide,
Nor shall his goings ever slide.
32 Though wicked persons daily wait,
To shed his blood confederate :
33 God lets him not condemned lye,
Or by a wrongful Sentence dye.
- 34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
That he to life exalt thee may.
When thou the wicked men shall see
Cut off, and quite extinguish'd be.
35 I in great pow'r have ill ones seen,
Like spreading Lawrels fresh and green ;
36 Yet pass'd he by, and soon was gone ;
Not found again, nor thought upon.
- 37 Mark the upright, the just intend ;
For such a man in peace shall end.
38 But sinners to destruction cast,
Are in their death cut off at last.
39 God to the righteous help doth raise ;
He is their strength in troubled daies.

Hisaid shall save them from th' unjust;
Because in him they plant their trust.

Psalm XXXVIII.

- L**ord! let me not in anger wast,
Nor thy rebukes in fury tast.
Thy piercing arrows deeply wound;
Thy pressing hand doth me confound.
My sickly body finds no ease,
Because my sin doth thee displease.
Nor will that guilt thou dost detest
Afford my troubled conscience rest.
- My sins like to a torrent grown,
My sinking head have overflown,
They burthen me with care, and fear;
And are become too great to bear.
My sores and wounds corrupted smell,
My foul offence and folly tell.
Bow'd down with trouble, and forlorn,
By night I wake, by day I mourn.
- My loyns diseas'd, my flesh unsound;
And all my body seems one wound.
I feeble am, with anguish broak,
And roar beneath thy heavy stroak.
O Lord, thou know'st my whole desire;
My hidden groans to thee aspire.
My heart doth pant, my vigour dies;
Of light deprived are mine eyes.
- My friends, who late professed love,
Far from my fore themselves remove.

- My Kindred my converſes ſhun;
Nor come to comfort, but look on.
12 They, who my life ſeek to enſnare,
Intent upon my miſchiefs are.
With foul reproaches, and falſe lies,
My ruine daily they deviſe.
- 13 But I, as thoſe nor hear, nor ſpeak,
Did never into paſſion break:
14 No angry murmure from me fell,
Which might my griefs impatience tell.
15 For I in thee my truſt reſoſe,
To hear my moan, and quell my foes.
16 Who, when my foot amiſs did go,
Triumphed at my overthrow.
- 17 With woes oppreſt I daily fall,
My ſorrows are continual;
And whilſt my faults are in my view,
They do as oft my pain renew.
18 I therefore will thoſe ſins confeſs,
And with contrition beg redreſs.
I will the guilt of my offence
Waſh off with tears of penitence.
- 19 O Lord! mine enemies are ſtrong,
And live to do me further wrong.
Each day their number doth encreaſe,
Who are the haters of my peace.
20 They alſo have againſt me ſtood,
Who make returns of ill for good:
Yet know no cauſe for their deſpight,
But that I follow what is right.

- 21 Therefore my last request I make,
That thou wilt never me forsake.
My God ! O never far depart,
Who my relief and comfort art.
- 22 My sighs and sorrows look upon,
Thou God of my Salvation :
Afford thy help in time of need,
And to my rescue come with speed.

Psalm XXXIX.

I Said my ways I will intend,
And lest my tongue offend,
My mouth shall bound and bridled be,
Whilst I the wicked see,

I dumb a while, and silent stood,
Ev'n ceasing to speak good ;
Until at last my grieved heart
Was urg'd with sorrows smart :

So that my heated breast became
For lack of vent a flame :
And then my tongue these words express,
Breath'd forth from my distress.

Lord ! let me understand my end,
How far my daies extend ;
That I may know how I am frail,
Each moment apt to fail.

Behold thou mad'st the daies of man
No longer then a span :
His Age as nothing is, and he
At best but vanity.

6 Man

There-

6 Man like a shadow walks in vain,
Wasting his time with pain ;
He heaps up riches, yet not knows
What heir shall them dispose.

7 And now, O Lord, on whom shall I,
Whilst I stay here relye ?
Truly my hope shall wait on thee,
My joys there treasur'd be.

8 Deliver me when I transgress,
And help me in distress :
Let not the foolish me deride,
Or scorn me in their pride.

9 Under thy Scourge I silent lay
Prepared to obey :
I did not murmur at my pain,
Or of thy hand complain.

10 Yet now thy mercies I invoke,
To take away thy stroke :
For I consume, and my faint breath
Is yielding up to death.

11 When thou for sin dost man correct,
Rebuking his neglect,
Thou mak'st his beauty soon consume,
Like to the wandering fume.

Sickness destroys him, as a Moth
Corrodes and frets the Cloth.
So vain is man, and quickly gone
Into corruption.

Psalm XL.

59

12 Lord hear my cry ! let not thine ears
Be deaf unto my tears :
For I with thee a stranger am,
And but to sojourn came.

13 O spare my time a little length,
Till I recover strength,
Before I go from this worlds shore,
And shall be seen no more.

Psalm XL.

1 **I** Patient did for God attend,
Who to my cry his ear did lend :
2 From horrors pit he did me pluck,
And miry clay wherein I stuck.
And on the Rock he set my feet,
From whence my goings ne're should fleet.
3 My mouth new Songs of praises fill ;
That men may fear, and trust him still.

4 The man most happy is, and blest,
Whose constant faith on God doth rest,
And never will the proud ones prize,
Nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Lord ! many are thy wonders wrought,
And loving towards us is thy thought :
If I would speak, and them declare,
They more then can be numbred are.

6 No Sacrifice thou did'st desire,
Nor Sin-Oblation burnt in fire.
Thou pierc'd, and open'd hast mine ear ;
(To shew what gifts more pleasing were.)

7 Then

- 7 Then, said I, Lo, I come : Of old
The volume of the Book foretold :
8 Lord ! I to do thy will delight ;
Yea in my heart thy Law I write.
- 9 Thy righteousness my lips did teach,
Thy truth in great Assemblies preach ;
10 Thy word I hid not, or conceal'd ;
But unto men thy love reveal'd.
- 11 Thy tender mercies ne're remove,
But still preserve me in thy love :
12 For more in number than my hairs,
My Sin-prest soul is vext with cares.
- 13 Be pleas'd to save, and keep me fast,
O Lord ! to give me help make hast.
14 Let them confounded be with shame,
Who at my Souls destruction aim.
Let them repulsed back retire,
Who wish my fall, or hurt desire.
- 15 Let them be sham'd, and desolate,
Who, Fie upon thee, say in hate,
- 16 Let all that seek thy glorious Name,
Their joys and comforts loud proclaim :
Let all, who thy Salvation love,
Say always, prais'd be God above.
- 17 Though poor and needy I am brought,
Thou not exclud'st me from thy thought.
Thou my Redeemer art, and Stay ;
My God ! O make no long delay.

Psalm XLI.

- 1 **B**lessed is he, the poor who minds;
He help from God in trouble finds.
- 2 The Lord preserves, and life supplies,
Nor gives him up to enemies.
- 3 When languishing upon his bed,
By God he shall be strengthened :
By thee, when weak and lowest laid,
His bed is in his sickness made.
- 4 I said, my soul in mercy save ;
For (Lord) 'gainst thee I sinned have.
- 5 My Foes thus speak ; When shall he die ?
And lose both name and memory ?
- 6 Even those, to see me who resort,
When gone, traduce me in report.
- 7 My haters whisper, and devise
To hurt me in their calumnies.
- 8 Sick of a foul disease he lies,
(Say they) and never more shall rise :
Yea my near friend, who eat my bread,
Lifts up his heel to spurn my head.
- 9 Lord ! raise me from this woful plight,
That I their malice may requite.
- 10 I shall in this thy favour know,
If not triumphed by my Foe.

- 12 Thou dost my Innocence sustain,
And in thy presence me retain.
13 Blest be the God of *Jacob* then
Through all enduring times. Amen.

Psalm XLII.

- 1 **A**S the chas'd Hart distressed with heat,
Flies to the Brooks retreat :
O God ! my soul pursu'd, and faint,
So after thee doth pant.
- 2 My Soul to care and sorrow curst,
For God doth hourly thirst,
When shall I come thy presence near,
And in thy sight appear ?
- 3 But tears, which day and night did fall,
I had no meat at all :
While they, where is thy God do cry,
On whom thou dost rely ?
- 4 Remembring this, my soul I powre,
And those glad times deplore,
When to thy house we throng'd with praise,
To keep thy holy daies.
- 5 Why, O my soul, art thou perplex ?
My heart cast down and vext ?
Hope thou in God, and praise him still,
Whose help up-raise thee will.
- 6 O God, my soul cast down with grief,
Within finds no relief.

Psalm XLIII.

63

From *Jordan* yet, and *Hermon's* Hill,
I thee remember still.

7 One deep upon another calls,
At thy loud Water-falls :
Thy waves, and billows highest run,
All over me have gone.

8 The Lord yet sends his favours ray,
To shine on me by day :
And I my songs and pray'rs all night
Send to the God of Light.

9 To God I'll say, My Rock, and Strength !
Am I forgot at length ?
Before my Foes, why do I mourn,
Oppressed, and forlorn ?

10 At their reproach, with scoffing mixt,
I am with Swords transfixt :
Whilst flouting at my misery,
Where is thy God ? they cry.

11 Why, O my soul, art thou perplext ?
My heart cast down, and vext ?
Hope thou in God, and praise him still,
Whose help up-raise thee will.

Psalm XLIII.

1 **J**udge me (O Lord) and plead my cause
With them that know no Laws.
Deliver me from the unjust,
In fraud and wrong that trust.

2 **Thou**

- 2 Thou (God!) canst only me protect,
Why dost thou me reject?
Why go I thus in mourning drest,
By Enemies oppress?
- 3 O send thy glorious Beams of Light,
Thy truth to keep me right!
That of thy holy dwellings I
May make discovery.
- 4 Then will I to thy Altar bring
A joyful Offering:
And on the Harp my Ditties raise,
To celebrate thy praise.
- 5 Why droop'st thou, O my soul, so fast,
Down in thy sorrows cast?
Or wherefore, my afflicted heart,
Thou so disturbed art?
- 6 Trust in the Lord, for I will praise,
And thank him all my daies,
Who cures, and Crowns lifes short annoy:
With never ending joys.

Psalm XLIV.

- 1 O God! our Fathers have us told,
What thou hast done in times of old.
- 2 Thou drav'st out Nations by thine hand,
To plant thy people in their Land.
- 3 'Twas not their arm, or Sword, which got
Those fair possessions for their lot:

But thy right hand, thine arm of might,
Because in them Thou took'st delight.

- 4 O glorious God! Thou art my King :
Deliverance to *Jacob* bring.
- 5 Through Thee we will our enemies,
And those tread down, who 'gainst us rise.
- 6 For in my bow I will not trust ;
'Tis not my sword deliver must ;
- 7 But Thou hast sav'd us by Thy Name,
And all that hate us put to shame.

- 8 In God all day we make our boasts, (boasts !
And praise Thy Name, great Lord of
- 9 But Thou hast left and cast us low,
Nor with our Armies forth dost go.
- 10 Thou makest us our backs to turn ;
Whilst they, which hate us, spoil and burn.
- 11 Thou gav'st us to the Heathens pow'r,
Like sheep, to scatter and devour.

- 12 Thou do'st Thy People sell for nought ;
Not richer, when the price is brought :
- 13 Thou makest us our neighbours scorn,
Laugh'd at, and with reproaches torn :
- 14 We are a by-word all about ;
The Heathen shake their head, and flout.
- 15 I lye confounded with disgrace,
And shame hath covered my face.

- 16 By reason of their vengeful pride,
Who Thee blaspheme, and me deride ;
- 17 All this we bear : yet have we not
Thy self, or Covenant forgot.

- 18 Our heart revolting turns not back,
Nor do our feet Thy waies forsake ;
19 Though 'mongst the dragons broken fore,
And with death's shadow cover'd ore.
- 20 If we our God forgotten have ;
Or unto Idols worship gave :
21 Shall not his search the sin impart.
Who knows the secrets of each heart ?
22 Yea for Thy sake so ill we fare,
We all the day-long killed are :
Counted as weep for shambles bred,
Fit only to be slaughtered.
- 23 Awake (O Lord) why do'st Thou sleep ?
Still wilt Thou us at distance keep ?
24 Why hidest Thou Thy face from those,
Who ly opprest, and griev'd by foes ?
25 Our soul unto the dust is throw'n,
To earth our belly cleaveth down.
26 Arise, our life from ruin take,
And save us for Thy mercies sake.

Psalm XLV.

- 1 **M**Y heart good matter doth indite,
Which of the King I write.
And like a ready pen, my tongue
Frames her triumphant song.
- 2 Thou fairer art than humane race ;
Thy lips are full of grace.
Therefore thy God on thee doth powre
His blessings endless store.

- 3 Gird on thy sword, O great in might !
For truth, and Justice fight.
4 That all the world may understand
The terrour of Thy hand.
5 Thy sharp'ned arrows wound all those,
Who dare the King oppose :
Whereby subdued at Thy call,
The vanquisht people fall.
6 Thy throne, O God, doth still endure ;
The Scepter just, and pure :
7 Thou righteousness do'st value best,
And wickedness detest.
Therefore thy God hath Thee preferr'd,
And by a love unheard,
The oyl of gladness on Thy head,
Above Thy fellows, shed.
8 Myrrhe, Aloës, and Cassia's smell
Upon Thy garments dwell,
Out of the Ivory Palaces
Provided Thee to please.
9 King's daughters were amongst Thy train ;
Nor to attend disdain,
The Queen, upon Thy right hand plac'd,
With gold of Ophir grac'd.
10 Harken O Daughter, and give ear :
Forget thy parents dear :
11 The King shall prize thy beauty more ;
Whom, as thy Lord, adore,

- 12 Rich Tyre with gifts and presents great
Thy favour shall entreat.
- 13 Who, far above Thy beauties seen,
All glorious art within.
- 14 She in a robe with needles wrought,
Shall to the King be brought.
The Virgins which upon her wait,
Shall add unto Thy State.
- 15 With joy and gladness they resort,
To enter the Kings Court :
- 16 Thou shalt have sons, in Father's stead ;
And many Princes breed.
- 17 In all succeeding times Thy Name
Shall mention'd be with fame ;
Whilst the glad people Thy renown
With endless praises crown.

Psalm XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge, our defence
Rests wholly on His providence :
Which still affords a present aid,
When greatest troubles us invade.
- 2 Therefore we shall not need to fear,
Though the fixt earth removed were :
Or though the hills, and mountains steep
Lay buried in the angry Deep.

Although the roaring waters make
The Mountains with their swelling shake ;

Yet calmer rivers do embrace
Gods City, His fair dwelling place.
Whose Tabernacles, by His love,
Are kept that they can never move.
For He, when dangers Her distress,
His early succour shall address.

The Nations rage ; the Kingdoms are
Disturb'd with strife, and threats of war.
But He the tempest can allay,
And cause the earth to melt away.
The Lord of Hosts doth us direct :
Great *Jacobs* God doth us protect :
Come see, on those our mischiefs wrought,
What desolations He hath brought.

He maketh strife, and wars to cease ;
And crowns the bleeding earth with peace :
He breaks the bow, and cracks the spear ;
In fire the Chariots burned were.

Lo, this is God, whose awful sway
Both earth, and Heaven must obey.
The Lord of Hosts doth us direct ;
Great *Jacobs* God doth us protect.

Psalm XLVII.

O Clap your hands, All earth throughout
To God in triumph shout.
His greatness rules the world from high,
With awful Majesty.

- 3 He Nations under subdues ;
And will our portion chuse ;
Which doth in glory far excell ;
The Lot of *Israel*.
- 5 God is gone up with showting voice,
And sounding trumpets noyle.
- 6 Unto our God loud praises sing ;
Sing praises to our King.
- 7 To Him, whose pow'r the earth doth fill,
With knowledge sing, and skill :
- 8 Who on His sacred throne remains,
And ore the Heathen reigns.
- 9 The Princes with the People joyn,
Sprung out of *Abram's* loyn.
For all are in His care enroll'd,
Who highly is extoll'd.

Psalm XLVIII.

- 1 **G**reat is the Lord, His praise is great,
In *Salem* His blest seat.
- 2 Mount *Sion* beauteous is for site,
The spacious earth's delight.
- Upon the fides which Northward rise,
The Great King's City lies.
- 3 God in her Palaces alone
Is for a refuge know'n.
- 4 For lo, the Kings assembled were,
Her glories down to tear :

5 They saw with matvail her defence,
In trouble hasting thence.

6 They were surpriz'd with sudden fear,
Like pangs which women bear.

7 Thou break'st the Ships from *Tarshish* sail
With Thy strong Eastern gale,

8 In *Salem*, unto God endear'd,
We saw, what oft we heard :
The Lord of Hosts will her defend,
And stablish to the end.

9 Lord in Thy Temple to our thought
We have Thy mercies brought.

10 O God, according to Thy Name,
So endless is Thy fame.

Thy hand is full of righteousness.
Let *Sion* joy express.

11 Let *Judah's* daughters gladly sing
The judgments of their King.

12 Walk round about fair *Sion's* Mount ;
Her stately Tow'rs recount ;

13 Her Bulwarks mark, and structures well,
And to your Children tell.

14 For here the Lord our God intends,
Tilltime expired ends,

His favours on This place to breath,
And guide us unto death.

Psalm XLIX.

- 1 **A**LL people of the world give ear ;
- 2 Low, high, rich, poor, together hear !
- 3 My mouth of wisdom shall dilate ;
- My heart deep knowledge meditate.
- 4 To Parables I will incline,
- Dark sayings on the harp divine.
- 5 Why should my end affrightment feel,
- When sin, or death assault my heel ?

- 6 Who trust in wealth, and riches boast,
- 7 Cannot redeem a brother lost ;
- Or bring back life, when fled away ;
- Or unto God his ransom pay ,
- 8 (The soul so precious is, no rate
- Can it recall, or expiate :)
- 9 That so he might for ever last,
- And not of earth's corruption taste.

- 10 For he perceiveth that the wise,
- Like to the fool, and brutish dies ;
- And all the wealth, which they have got,
- Must then become anothers lot.
- 11 Yet they suppose their dwelling place
- Shall last through each succeeding race ;
- And to their lands their names bequeath,
- To keep them living after death.

- 12 Man ne'rtheless to honour brought,
- Like beasts that perish, comes to nought.
- 13 Thus their vain folly ends ; yet they,
- Who them survive, raise all they say.

- 14 Like sheep, they in the grave are laid,
For death to feed on, dishes made.
The just in light eternal reigns,
Whilst others pomp in dust remains.
- 15 But God my soul shall take, and save
From power of the wide-mouth'd grave.
- 16 Be not thou troubled, or afraid,
When one of these is wealthy made :
Or when with plenty fill'd, and ease,
His houses glory doth encrease.
- 17 He carries nothing when he dies,
But stript of all his honour lies.
- 18 Though living, he his soul did blest;
Applauding his false happiness :
And men that course in worldings praise,
Which most the appetite obaies.
- 19 He with his fathers ends in night,
And never more shall see the light.
- 20 Man, who in honour nothing knows,
From hence, like beasts that perish, goes.

Psalm L.

- 1 **T**He God of might,
Unto the earth did call,
From the Suns light
To his declining fall.
- 2 From *Sion* fair,
The Lord himself hath shone,
- 3 God shall repair,
In noise and terrour known.

- usher'd with Flame
 Wrapt in a stormy cloud,
 4 He shall proclaim
 To earth his judgment lowd.

 5 My Saints collect
 To me with offerings sworn;
 6 Heav'ns shall detect
 The justice by Him born.
 7 My people hear,
 O Israel, I speak,
 And witness bear
 'Gainst thee, my Laws dost break.
 8 I not reprove
 Thy sacrifices fail,
 9 No goats I love,
 Nor Bullocks from thy stall.

 10 Mine is each beast
 Which the wild Forests feed,
 Ev'n to the least
 Which thousand hills do breed:
 11 The fowls I know
 Which on the Mountains fly,
 The wild beasts owe
 Which in the desert ly.
 12 If I would eat,
 I need not tell it thee;
 The whole worlds meat,
 And it, belongs to me.

 13 That I require
 Bulls flesh, why should'st thou think,

Burnt in the fire ?

Or blood of goats would drink ?

14 Thanksgivings bring,

And pay to God thy vows ;

This offering

He as the best allows :

15 And on Me call

In thine afflicted days,

I save thee shall,

And thou shalt give Me praise.

16 But to the bad

(Saith God) why should you dare,

The Laws I made,

Or Statutes to declare ?

Why do ye vaunt

In your un-hallow'd mouth,

My Covenant ?

17 Whose hearts instruction loath.

18 Thou did'st consent

When thou a thief hadst seen :

Thy foul intent

Hath with adult'ers been.

19 Thou to all ill

Thy mouth do'st dedicate,

Thy false tongue still

Is uttering deceit :

20 Thou do'st back-bite,

To work thy brothers shame,

And full of spight

Thy Mothers son defame.

21 This

ik,

Burnt

- 21 This hast thou done,
 And whilst I silent fate,
 Thou thought'st Me one
 Who had, like thee, forgate.
 But I will hast,
 And order'd 'fore thine eyes
 Present at last
 All these impieties.
- 22 Consider ye!
 Who God, nor judgment fear,
 Lest anger'd He
 Your souls in pieces tear.
- 23 Who offers praise,
 Me honours: and th' upright,
 After earths days,
 Shall dwell in endless light.

Psalm LI.

- 1 **H**Ave mercy, O my God! on me
 Who thus dejected fly to Thee;
 According to Thy boundless love
 The weight of mine offence remove,
- 2 From Thine unwasted pities spring
 Thy wonted streams of pardon bring.
 O wash my leprous soul again,
 And cleanse me from this bloody stain.
- 3 In sad repentance I confess
 The knowledge of this Wickedness;
- 4 Against Thee have I sinn'd alone,
 Who art my Judge, for what is done,
 I cannot hide the blood I spilt,
 Nor will excuse my secret guilt,

That at Thy bar when I am try'd,
Thy sentence might be justify'd.

- 5 Brought forth I was to Parents scorn,
In sin conceiv'd, with sorrow Born;
And have improv'd, by act and thought,
Those spots which to the world I brought.
- 6 But Thou dost inward truth require,
And only can'st that grace inspire:
Thou therefore shalt, who wisdom art,
With understanding fill my heart.
- 7 Purge me with *Hyssop*; then my soul
Shall cleansed be, though nev'r so foul.
Wash me, and my black crimes will grow
More white, than is the falling snow.
- 8 Make me to hear Thy mercies voice,
So shall my broken bones rejoyce.
- 9 Turn from my sins Thy face away,
Nor let them in remembrance stay.
- 10 Create (O God!) a cleansed heart,
Renew my soul, chaste thoughts impart:
- 11 Me from Thy presence never drive,
Nor of thy guiding grace deprive.
- 12 Restore Thy comfort yet at last,
And let Thy spirit keep me fast:
- 13 Then wicked men thy ways Ple teach,
And sinners shall conversion reach.
- 14 Deliver me from guilt of blood,
O God Thou Author of my good.
- 15 Open my lips, enlarge my tongue;
And then thy praises shall be sung.

16 Thou

- 16 Thou do'st not sacrifice desire,
Or any offering made by fire.
- 17 The sacrifices God delight,
Are broken hearts, and souls contrite.
- 18 O cast thy favourable eye
On *Sions* low calamity :
Build up neglected *Salems* wall,
Whose Structures now to ruin fall.
- 19 Then shalt Thou be, when once appears'd,
With our devout oblations pleas'd :
Who heaps of Incense up will fling,
And bullocks to Thine Alter bring.

Psalm LII.

- 1 **W**Hy boasting Tyrant dost thou threat,
Thou canst do mischeif yet ?
Gods constant goodness will prevent
Thy murderous intent.
- 2 Thy tongue suggestions doth devise ,
Like rasors cut thy lyes.
- 3 Thou evil more than goodness lov'st ;
Deceit, not truth, approv'st.
- 4 Thy words, false tongue, mens lives devour :
But God shall, by His pow'r,
- 5 Pluck thee from earth thy dwelling place ;
Thy name from heaven rase.
- 6 The just these judgments see, and fear,
Which wicked ones must bear :

And all their malice vainly try'd
With laughter shall deride.

7 Lo, this is he who God not chose
For his assur'd repose :
But strong in violence, and stealth,
Rely'd upon his wealth.

8 Yet I within God's house shall be
Like a green Olive tree :
And on Thy mercy all my days
My confidence will raise.

9 I for this preservation will
My praises offer still ;
And on Thy saving Name await,
Which Saints must celebrate.

Psalm LIII.

1 **T**He fool, whose heart doth truth upbraid,
There is no God, hath said.
Corrupted is with sin their mind ;
And none to good inclin'd.

2 God His surway from Heaven took,
And down on men did look ;
To see, if any Him would know,
Or seek His truth below.

3 But now revolted every one
To filthiness is gone :
His Law by none is understood ;
There is not one doth good.

- 4 Will they all knowledge thus defy,
That work iniquity?
Who eat my people up as bread,
Nor God have worshipped.
- 5 He by false fear, and vain affright;
Their bones hath scatter'd quite.
Through Gods just vengeance, and despise,
In shame their glory lies.
- 6 O that from *Sion* help were sent,
To end our banishment!
For *Jacobs* Off-spring then in peace
Should joy in their release.

Psalm LIV.

- 1 **S**AVE me (O God,) and by Thy might,
With judgment do me right.
Be Thou to my request attent,
My words in sorrow sent.
- 2 For 'gainst my soul Oppressors rise;
Strangers, who thee despise.
- 3 But thou my help, and champion art,
For those that take my part.
- 4 With sure revenge He shall repay,
And cut my foes away.
- 5 Free off'rings then to thee shall flame;
And I will praise Thy Name.
- 6 His goodness me from trouble saves,
And gives them timelefs graves.

Mine eye on those sees his desire,
Who did my fall conspire:

Psalm LV.

Give ear (O God) unto my pray'r,
From my request not hidden far.
Attend to me with crying faint,
Who loudly mourn in my complaint,
Because my foes injurious voice
Mine innocence decrys with noise;
And bad oppressors That impute,
Which doth their wrath and hatred sute.

My heart within me, sore with pain,
Death's falling terrours doth sustain;
Cold fear and trembling me dismay'd:
Orewhelm'd with horror, thus I said:
O that I were with wings posselt,
Like doves to fly, and be at rest:
Lo, then far off I wander might,
And to the desert take my flight.

I from the windy storm would hast,
And this fierce tempest 'scape at last.
Destroy, (O Lord!) their tongues divide:
For in the City strife I spy'd.
Both day and night the walls they round,
Wherein all mischiefs do abound:
In midst whereof foul sins do meet,
Deceit and guile in ev'ry street.

- 12 No open foe did me traduce,
 For then I could have born th' abuse:
 No publick hate 'gainst me reveal'd;
 Then should I have my self conceal'd.
- 13 But it was Thou, my friend, my guide,
 In equal conversation try'd.
- 14 We in sweet counsel days had spent,
 And to Gods house together went.
- 15 O let some unexpected death,
 Strange, as unlook't for, seize their breath.
 Let them go down alive to hell,
 For wickedness with them doth dwell.
- 16 But I upon the Lord will call,
 Who saves me from their plotted fall.
- 17 At ev'ning, morning, and mid-day,
 To Him that hears me will I pray.
- 18 He rescu'd hath in peace my life;
 Deliver'd from their bloody strife
 Who were in battel opposite:
 For many then for me did fight.
- 19 Afflictious shall on them lay hold,
 By God impos'd, who bides of old.
 Because they in no changes were,
 They grow secure, and God not fear.
- 20 He hath put forth his hand 'gainst These
 Who were enleagu'd with him in peace:
 His friendly vow he did recant,
 And break his solemn Covenant.
- 21 His speeches smooth as butter are;
 But in his heart is cruel war: (words;
 More soft then Oyl his flatt'ring
 Yet were they sharper than draw'n swords.

- 12 Upon the Lord thy burden cast ;
Who shall sustain, and keep thee fast.
13 But thou (O God) shalt bring them down,
In pit of wide destruction thrown :
Men treacherous, of blood, and strife,
Shall find long troubles, and short life ;
Nor half their days compleated see :
But I will ever trust in Thee.

Psalm LVI.

- 1 **B**E merciful, O God ! to me :
For Man combines to swallow me.
He daily doth against me fight,
By Power to oppress my right.
2 My watchful enemies each hour
My life assail and would devour.
O Thou most High ! they many are,
Who have conspired in this war.

Yet though encompass, and afraid,
I fly for shelter to Thy aid.
For trusting in Gods word, and arm,
I know no flesh can do me harm.
They still my words, and meaning wrest ;
Close mischief plotting in their brest.
They joyn themselves, my steps they mark,
To overthrow me in the dark.

Shall they escape ? Lord, in thy frown
Defeat their plots, and cast them down.
My wand'ring steps, and each loose thought
Must be unto Thy Audit brought :

Thou bott'lest all the tears I shed ;
 My sighs are book'd, and numbered :
 9 Soon therefore as to Thee I cry,
 I know my foes shall faint, and fly.

10 God only is my trust, and joy :
 11 I fearless am of mans annoy.
 12 To Thee, O Lord, I'll pay my vow ;
 My knees in thanks to Thee shall bow.
 13 For thou my life keep'st from the grave,
 And do'st my feet from falling save :
 That with the living in Thy light
 I may enjoy Eternal light.

Psalm LVII.

1 **B**E merciful (O God !) to me,
 Whose soul doth only trust in Thee.
 To Thy wing's shadow will I hast,
 Till these calamities be past.
 2 My cry to God I will advance,
 Who alway sends deliverance,
 3 His mercy saves me from their pow'r,
 Who would both life, and fame devour.
 4 My soul 'mongst Lions is untam'd ;
 Ev'n sons of men with hate inflam'd :
 Whose teeth are spears, and darts, whose words
 More piercing, and more sharp than swords.
 5 O God ! above the earth, or sky,
 Exalted be Thy Majesty !
 6 For my griev'd soul they nets prepare ;
 But in their own pits fallen are.

- 7 My heart (O God) my heart is fixt ;
 Ple Anthems sing with praises mixt.
 8 Awake my Glory, harp awake ;
 I early will addressees make.
 9 Thou 'mongst the Nations shalt be prais'd,
 10 Whose mercy to the clouds is rais'd.
 11 O God ! above the earth, or sky,
 Exalted be Thy Majesty.

Psalm LVIII.

O Congregation speak ye right ?
 O sons of men judge ye upright ?
 Your hearts contain, and hands dispence
 Only full weight of violence.
 The wicked men, to life when come,
 Estranged are, ev'n from the womb ;
 They go astray, though newly born,
 They utter lies with lips forsworn.

Like Serpents they their poison bear ;
 And like deaf adders stop their ear ,
 Which will not hear th' enchanters spell,
 Although he charm them ne're so well.
 Break thou their teeth (O God) which hang
 Like the young Lions sharpened tang ,
 Let them like melting waters ly ;
 And cut their arrows as they fly.

Be they like snails consum'd to slime ;
 Or womens births before their time.
 Quicker then thorns enkindled blaze,
 Let whirlwinds blow them from their place.

- 10 This fight shall joyful make the good,
To wash their feet in wicked blood.
11 So men shall say, from God are had
Rewards for just ones, plagues for bad.

Psalm LIX.

- 1 **F**rom enemies (O God!) defend,
2 whose bloody plots in murder end.
3 Lo, for my Soul they lye in wait;
The mighty are confederate.
Yet is it not for my offence,
They thus prepare to take me hence.
4 Awake, (O Lord) behold my wrong,
Thy help withhold not from me long.
5 O Lord! Thou God of Hosts awake;
Of all the Heathen vengeance take:
Let not Thy grace to them extend,
Who with malicious hearts offend.
6 Like dogs they come, when day is done,
Which snarling through the City run:
7 Behold they belch out daring words;
And in their lips they carry swords.

For who (say they) our acts shall hear?
Or hinder us, when we appear?

- 8 But Thou (O Lord) shalt them deride,
And strike the heathen in their pride.
9. O Lord! my trust awaits on Thee,
Who by Thy strength shall guarded be.
10 Gods saving mercy me prevents;
Mine eye shall see their all events.

- 11 Disperse them (Lord, my shield!) not slay;
Left it forget my people may.
12 Let their months sin themselves confound
Themselves their lyes and curtes wound!
13 Great King! consume them in thine ire;
14 Let them like dogs at night retire,
15 Still wand'ring up and down for meat;
And grudge, when lacking what to eat.
16 But of Thy pow'r my lips shall sing;
Yea long before the day doth spring,
My thankful hymns shall sound aloud
The Mercy Thou to me hast shov'd,
Thou art in trouble my defence,
A refuge for my innocence.
17 To Thee O God my strength I'll sing,
For Thou dost help, and mercy bring.

Psalm LX.

Lord! Thou hast scatter'd us abroad,
We have strange countries trod;
O turn, and let our wand'ring feet
In our own dwellings meet.

The trembling earth is rent by wars,
And broke in factious jars:
Heal Thou the breach Thy fury makes,
For our foundation shakes.

With cares Thou hast Thy people fed,
And to amazement led.
Thou minglest Thy Revenges cup,
And we have drunk it up.

Disperse
c
4 Yet

4 Yet thou thy banner hast display'd,
To gather those that stray'd.
Thy truth and wonted pity shall
Our banishment recall.

5 That therefore Thy belov'd may be
From all invasion free,
Thy right hand for their safety rear,
And their petitions hear.

6 God by his Truth did oft profess,
He would his servants bleis.
I will divide fair *Shechem's* soil,
And *Succoth's* valley spoil.

Manasseh, Gilead, both are mine;
In war shall *Ephraim* shine.
But *Judah's* Scepter all must awe,
And give my people Law.

8 *Moab* shall be a dunghil grown;
Proud *Edom* overthrown:
Philista's boasted triumphs shall
Be buried in her fall.

9 Who me will to the City lead,
Fierce *Edom's* strength, and head?
That I may break her fenced gate,
And trample on her state.

10 O Thou my God who cast'st us off,
And mad'st us our forte their scoff,
Wilt not Thou with our armies go,
To quell th' insulting fo?

Psalm LXI.

89

- 11 From trouble save us once again
For help of man is vain.
12 Through God we shall in battell live,
And foil our enemies.

Psalm LXI.

- 1 Give ear, O God! unto my cry;
My Prayer not deny;
2 When through the earth in exile thrown,
To Thee I make my moan.

- Thou to that rock of strength shalt lead
My care-oppressed head;
3 Who art my shelter and defence
Against all violence.

- 4 Within Thy Tabernacle I
Will dwell eternally;
Whilst my unshaken hopes endure,
Under Thy wing secure.

- 5 For Thou O God hast heard my vows;
Thou my desire dost know:
From whom the heritages came
To those that fear Thy Name.

- 6 Thou shalt preserve the King in peace,
And give His years encrease;
7 That He within Thy gracious light
May dwell in endless light.

Thy

- Thy mercy, and Thy truth prepare
Which his preservers are.
2 So to Thy Name Praises sing,
And vows performed bring.

Psalm LXII.

- 1 **M**Y soul doth wait on God alone,
Whence comes salvation.
2 He is my Rock ; firm'd in His love,
I shall not greatly move.
3 How long will mischief ye devise ?
Swift death shall you surprize,
Ye shall be like a bowing wall,
Or tott'ring fences fall.
4 For they consult to cast him down,
Whom God lifts to renown :
They blessings with their mouth impart,
But curses from their heart.
5 My soul wait Thou on God alone,
My expectation.
6 He is my Rock, my safe defence ;
I shall not move from hence.
7 In God my health and glory rest,
My strength and refuge blest.
8 Trust Him, ye people, and implore,
Your heart before Him pour.
9 The sons of men, both low, and high,
Are lies, and vanity :

And all alike in ballance laid,
Weigh lighter than the shade.

10 O never in oppression trust,
Nor robberies unjust.

If wealth encrease, your heart ne're set
Upon the gains you get.

11 God once hath spoke, and oft I heard,
His pow'r is to be fear'd :

12 And that His Mercy doth dispense
Each work its recompense.

Psalm LXIII.

O God, Thou art my God; to Thee
My thoughts address'd be.
And early as the rising day,
I will before Thee pray.

My thirsting soul, and longing flesh
Beg, Thou wilt them refresh,
In that dry land, where fruits ne're grow,
Nor streams of waters flow.

That in Thy Sanctuary I
May see Thy Majesty;
And Thy bright glory may behold,
As I had seen of old.

Thy loving kindness better is,
Then life, or earthly bliss :
My lips shall therefore praises give,
And bless Thee, whilst I live.

Thus

- Thus unto Thee, whose Name is fear'd,
My hands shall be up-rear'd.
- 5 My soul is as with marrow cloy'd;
When thus my mouth's employ'd.
- 6 I Thee remember on my bed,
With crosses wearied:
And in the watches of the night,
Thy goodness I recite.
- 7 Under the shadow of Thy wing
To Thee, my Help, I sing:
- 8 My soul on Thee alone depends,
Whose Right hand me defends.
- 9 But those that would my Soul enslave,
Shall sink into the grave.
- 10 The killing sword their lives shall slay,
Or make them foxes prey.
- 11 The King in God his joy shall bear,
With those that by Him swear:
When all the mouths of such as ly,
Stop'd, and confounded dy.

Psalm LXIV.

- 1 **M**Y voice in Pray'r, O God, intend;
My life from foes defend.
- 2 Me from all wicked counsels throwd
And risings of the proud,
- 3 Whose tongues full bent, and whet like swords,
As darts, shoot bitter words:

- 4 That fearless, and in secret they
The perfect man may slay.
- 5 In mischief they encourage each;
Of snares make private speech;
Which when in secret laid, They cry,
What eyes shall them descry?
- 6 They both contrive, and practise ill;
Most diligent to kill;
Which in their heart concealed deep
Their thoughts in secret keep.
- 7 But God shall with a sudden dart
Wound their malicious heart.
- 8 So their own tongue betray them shall,
As causer of their fall.
- Then those deride them shall, that see,
And from their vengeance flee;
- 9 All men shall fear, and thence declare,
God's work these judgments are.
- For wisely they consider on,
And ponder what is done.
- 10 In God rejoyce then shall the just,
And glory in His trust.

Psalm LXV.

- 1 **T**hy praise (O God!) in Sion flows;
Where we perform our vows:
- 2 O Thou that hear'st our prayers summe;
To Thee all flesh shall come.
- 3 My misdeeds (Lord) 'gainst me prevail;
Thy mercies though ne're fail:
Who our transgressions from thy sight
Remov'st, and purgest quite.
- 4 Blest is the man Thou do'st admit
Within Thy Courts to sit;
For with Thy Temples beauty he
Shall satisfied be.
- 5 O God of our salvation! Thou
Wilt dreadful wonders show!
Thou hope of all earth's bounds contain,
Or far dilated Main.
- 6 Whose strength the mountains setteth fast,
On their foundation plac't:
- 7 Who doth the roaring Seas assuage,
And still the People's rage.
- 8 They, in earth's utmost parts that dwell,
Thy fearful tokens tell:
Thou mak'st th' outgoings of the morn,
And nights thy praise adorn.

- 9 Thou waterest the earth with rain,
Then giv'st her store of grain;
Such plenty Gods full river yields
T' enrich the thirsty fields.
- 10 The settled furrows, soft with showers,
Take in Thy blessings stores.
- 11 Thou dost the year with goodness crown,
Thy clouds drop fatness down.
- 12 The barren deserts shall abound;
The hills with joy resound;
- 13 The flocks be full, the pastures spring,
With corn the vallies sing.

Psalm LXVI.

- 1 **M**ake unto God a joyful noise;
Ye lands lift up your voice;
Sing forth the honour of His Name,
Report His glorious fame.
- 2 Say unto God, how wond'rous are
The works Thou dost prepare!
To Thee, who in great pow'r dost sit,
Shall all Thy foes submit.
- 3 With Songs, and adoration shall
The earth before Thee fall.
Come see His awful works, and might,
Shewn in His children's sight.

- 6 He turn'd the Sea into dry land, whereon
Whereon their foot did stand, as they went
7 He rules in power; His eye doth quell
The Nations that rebellious are
8 O bless our God, so justly fear'd, whose
And cause His praise be heard
9 Who makes our soul in life abide,
Nor lets our feet to slide
10 Thou us O God hast prov'd, and try'd,
Like silver purity
11 Thou broughtest us into the snare,
Our loins afflicted are
12 Thou wicked men hast suffered
To trample on our head;
We went through fire, and water past,
Yet sav'dst Thou us at last
13 I will into thy Temple bring
A thankful Offering.
14 The vow, my lips in trouble made,
Devoutly shall be paid
15 I offer will burnt sacrifice,
Whilst clouds of Incense rise:
Rams, Goats, with Bullocks from the stall
Shall at Thy Altar fall
16 O come, and hear, my words declare,
How large Gods favours are;
17 When with my mouth on Him I call'd,
And with my tongue extoll'd.

- 8 If wickedness my heart regard,
I shall not then be heard.
9 But God enclined hath his ear,
My prayers voice to hear.
10 Let God for evermore be blest,
Who granted my request:
Who hath not turn'd away his face,
Nor held from me his grace.

Psalm LXVII.

Thy mercy (Lord!) extend,
Upon thy servants find.
O let thy Light and Face Divine,
Upon thy servants shine.

That through the earth thy way
Be known to Gentiles may;
And Nations of the Universe
Thy saving health shall see.

Let all the people raise
Their voice to sing thy praise.
O God! let them with joy express
To thee their thankfulness.

O let the Nations sing
With gladness to their King:
For thou the world shalt judge with right,
And rule the earth with might.

H

5 Let

- 5 Let all the people raise
 Their voice to sing thy praise;
 O God, let them with joy express
 To thee their thankfulness.
- 6 Then shall the earth encrease
 In plenty, and in peace:
 And God, our God, in blessings shewn,
 Shall us his people own.
- 7 God, who doth ever live,
 To us shall blessings give.
 That all the ends of earth may fear,
 And duty to him bear.

Psalm LXVIII.

- 1 **L** Et God (the God of Might) arise;
 And scatter'd be his enemies.
 And let all those that hate him, flee
- 2 As smoak, by winds we driven see.
 So perish wicked men like fumes,
 Or melted wax which fire consumes.
- 3 But let the righteous rejoyce,
 And unto God lift up their voice.
- 4 Sing unto God, sing praises lowd
 To him that rides upon the cloud.
 The Name of great *Jehovah* blefs,
- 5 A father of the fatherless,
 For he relieves the widows wants;
- 6 He solitary households plants:
 And frees the Captives from their chain;
 Whil'st rebels are with hunger slain.

7 When (Lord) thy people thou didst lead,
And marches through the desert tread,
8 The heavens melted, the earth shook,
And *Sinai* was with terrour strook.
9 Yet thou upon thy Lot did'st powre,
When faint and weary, plenties store :
10 Thy congregation thou didst feed ;
Reliev'dst the poor, and help'dst their need.

11 The Lord himself did give the word,
And num'rous preachers it record.
12 Kings armies fled, and took the spoil,
Whilst women did divide the spoil.
13 Though then ye have neglected ly'n,
Ye shall again with lustre shine ;
Like to the doves fair plumed wing,
As Gold, or Silver glittering.

14 When God great Kings had put to flight,
The land was like to *Salmon* white.
15 God's Mount is as fair *Bashans* hill,
Whose height does earth with wonder fill.
16 Why leap ye hills which so excell ?
This is the hill where God will dwell.
17 His Chariots twenty thousand are ;
Thousands of Angels serve his war.

The Second Part.

18 Thou ha'st ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity :
Did'st ransom those who did rebell ;
That God might still among them dwell.

- 19 Bless'd be the Lord, the God of health,
 Who loads us daily with his wealth.
 20 He is the God, whose saving breath,
 The issues doth command from death.
 21 But God shall wound their hateful head,
 Who wilfully in sins are led.
 22 He said, I will my people keep,
 From *Babylon* bring, and through the deep.
 23 That so thy foot (born through the cries
 Of fall'n, and dying enemies,)
 May dipped be in slaughters flood,
 And tongues of dogs lick up their blood.
 24 How thou (my God and King) we know,
 Didst in thy Sanctuary go:
 25 Singers lead to the instrument,
 Then Damsels with their Timbrels went.
 26 Bless God all ye from *Jacob* spring:
 27 Small *Benjamin* their Ruler bring.
 With Princely *Judah* on the Throne,
 Strong *Neptali*, and *Zebulon*.
 28 Thy God for thee did strength command:
 O let thy work confirmed stand.
 29 Then presents shall by Kings to thee
 In *Salem* Temple offer'd be.
 30 Rebuke the peoples brutish spight;
 Thine scatter, who in war delight.
 31 So *Egypt* Princes and the Moor,
 With hands stretch'd out shall thee adore.
 32 Earth's Kingdomes sing, and praise ascribe
 To God, who 'bove the Heavens doth ride.

His mighty voice he out doth send :

34 His strength excels, the Clouds to rend.

35 O God, thou from thy holy place

With terrour dost thy foes amaze.

He strength and pow'r to *Israel* gives ;

Blessed be God, who ever lives.

Psalm LXIX.

1 Save me, O God, for on my soul

The furious waters roul :

2 Sunk deep in mire, no stay I have,

O'rewhelm'd by ev'ry wave.

3 I weary am of my long cry ;

My throat is hoarse, and dry.

My failing eyes their strength abate,

Whilst for my God I wait.

4 My haters without cause exceed

The hairs upon my head :

And though I things not took restore,

They wrong, and hate me more.

5 O God ! my folly thou hast known,

My sins to thee are shown.

6 Let none that seek, or wait for thee,

Through me confounded be.

7 For thy sake have I born disgrace,

Shame cover'd hath my face :

8 A stranger to my Brethren am,

Who from my Mother came.

- 9 In thy Houses zeal do pine,
Thy wrongs reputing mine.
- 10 Yet when I fasted, wept, and mourn'd,
That my reproach was turn'd.
- 11 For garments I have Sack-cloath worn ;
A Proverb grow'n of scorn :
- 12 Revil'd by those the gate that throng,
And made the drunkards song.
- 13 But (Lord) to thee my prayers climbe,
In thy accepted time :
O for thy truth, and mercies sake,
Hear those requests I make.
- 14 Deliver me from out the mire,
Where envious floods conspire ;
- 15 To swallowing deeps me nere expose,
Nor let the pit enclose.
- 16 Give ear (O Lord) as thou art kind,
I let me thy mercy find :
- 17 Hide not thy Face in time of need;
But hear my moan with speed.

Second Part.

- 18 Draw nigh (O Lord) my soul redeem,
Lose in my toes esteem.
- 19 Thou my dishonour know'st, and shame,
And those who me defame.
- 20 Reproach my heavy heart hath broke,
Pit down with sorrows stroak.

For pity I, and comfort look,
But friends have me forlook.

21 For drink, they Vinegar, for meat,
They gave me Gall to eat :

22 O let their table prove their snare,
Their peace turn to despair.

23 Their eyes be dark'ned ; and still make
Their loins through terrour shake.

24 Upon their heads thy fury powre ;
Let vengeance them devour.

25 Make desolate their dwelling place ;
Their habitation rase.

26 For they, whom thou hast smote, pursue ;
The wounded grief renew.

27 Add sin to their iniquity ;
Let th. m thy presence fly :

28 Blot from the book of life their soul,
Nor with thy Saints enroll.

29 But I am poor, and full of pain ;
O raise me up again :

30 So in my Song Ile praise thy Name,
And thankul dities frame.

31 Such gifts, and sacrifice, as these,
Will God much better please,
Then fatted Oxen from the stall,
Which on his Altar fall.

- 32 The meek shall see this, and be glad,
Whose hopes on God are staid.
- 33 For he will hear the poor mans cries,
His pris'ners not despise.
- 34 Let Heaven praise him, Seas, and Earth,
With all in them have birth.
- 35 For God will *Sions* Cities blefs,
For *Judah* to possels.
- 36 His servants, and succeeding Race
Inherit shall this place.
And those that love his glorious Name,
For ever there remain.

Psalm LXX.

- 1 **M**Ake hast, O God, my life to save,
Thy speedy help I crave.
- 2 Their practises with shame confound,
That seek my soul to wound.
- Let them disgraced all retire,
That do my hurt desire :
- 3 Who 'gainst me say, *Abi*, in scorn,
To shameful ruine turn.
- 4 And let all those that seek to thee,
Rejoyce and gladdened be.
Let them, who in thy love confide,
Say, God be magnified.
- 5 But I am poor, and prest with need,
O God, to me make speed ;

Thou art my help, and only stay ;
O Lord, make no delay.

Psalm LXXI.

- 1 **I**N thee (O Lord) my trust I place ;
Confound me never with disgrace :
- 2 Thou in thy justice set me free,
Incline thine ear, and succour me.
- 3 Be thou my strong and safe resort,
Who art my Rock, and only Fort.
- 4 O save me from unrighteous bands,
From cruel men, and bloody hands.
- 5 Thou art my hope, O God of truth ;
My trust and comfort from my youth :
- 6 Thou from the Womb did'st me sustain,
When brought forth in my Mothers pain,
Thou from her bowels did'st me bring ;
Of thee my praise shall ever sing.
- 7 And though mens wonder I am made,
My strong defence on thee is laid.
- 8 O let my mouth be fill'd with praise,
And with thy honour all my daies.
- 9 Cast me not off, when old and frail ;
Nor me forsake when strength doth fail.
- 10 Mine enemies combine with hate,
And for my Soul lay daily wait :
- 11 Saying, Him persecute and take,
For God and man doth him forsake.

- 12 O be not far from me at need ;
My God, to succour me make speed :
13 Consume all those, and them confound,
Who seek my Soul with hate to wound,
Reproach them who conspire my hurt,
And my affliction make their Sport.
14 So never shall my hope give ore ;
But I will praise thee more and more.
15 My mouth shall still thy mercies shew,
Whose number I could nevenknow,
16 And in thy strength will I go on,
Thy goodness only mention.
17 O God, thou me from youth hast taught,
To speak the wonders thou hast wrought
18 Forsake me not, when gray, and old ;
Till to this Age thy pow'r is told,
19 Thy righteousness, O God, exceeds :
Who equal can thy mighty deeds ?
20 Thou who hast shew'd me grief and pain,
Shalt quicken me (O Lord) again :
Thy hand shall bring me from the deep,
Though bury'd low in earth I sleep :
21 Thou shalt my greatness then encrease,
And comfort me with endless peace.
22 Therefore (O God) through all my days
On Psalteries thy truth I'll praise :
And on the Harp thy mercies tell,
O Holy one of Israel !
23 My joyful lips to thee shall sing ;
My soul, which thou from death didst bring ;

- 24 My tongue thy justice shall proclaime;
Who do'ft my foes confound' with shame.

Psalm LXXII.

- 1 **G**ive (Lord) thy judgments to the King;
And from his Son let Justice spring.
2 So shall the right to all extend,
And equity the poor defend.
3 The mountains then shall bring forth peace,
The hills by righteousness encrease.
4 He shall the poor and needy save,
But break oppressors in the grave.
5 All generations shall Thee fear,
So long as Sun, and Moon appear.
6 He shall, like rain on grass new mow'n,
Or showres that water, earth, come down.
7 The just shall flourish in his days;
And Peace abound, whilst light displays.
8 From Sea to Sea his Throne shall reach,
And from the flood to earths end stretch.
9 They, who in desarts dwell, shall bow;
His foes, as dust his feet below.
10 *Tarshish*, the Isles, with *Sheba's* King,
And *Seba* shall their presents bring.
11 All Kings before him shall fall down;
And every Nation serve his Crown,
12 The cries of helpless he will heed,
13 And save the souls of such as need.

- 14 He shall from violence redeem,
 And precious their blood esteem.
 15 *Sheba* shall Gold for Tribute pay;
 Men praise him still, and for him pray.
 16 The smallest handful then of corn,
 Upon the tops of Mountains born,
 Like *Lebanon* full fruits shall powre;
 The people flourish like the flow'r.
 17 His Name endureth, whilst the Sun
 About the world his course doth run.
 Blessings through him descend on all,
 And Nations shall him Blessed call.
 18 Blessed be God, whose every act
 His servants wonder doth attract.
 19 Blest be his Name: Let Earth, and men
 Be with his glory fill'd: *Amen*.

Psalm LXXIII.

- 1 **G**od unto *Israel* is kind;
 To those are clean in mind.
 2 Yet had my wav'ring feet, and faith
 Almost forsook their path.
 3 For I to envy could not cease
 At fools, and sinners peace;
 4 Who not impair in Ages length,
 Nor lessen'd are in strength.
 5 They not like others troubled are,
 Nor plagu'd with common care.
 6 They therefore are with proud disdain
 Compass'd, as with a chain:

And

And as a garment for defence,
Cover'd with violence.

7 Their wanton eye with fatness swells;
And wealth their wish excels.

8 They most corrupt oppress the weak,
And arrogantly speak.

9 They set their mouth 'gainst Heaven to talk,
Their tongue through earth doth walk.

10 Therefore Gods people, when they see,
How prosp'rous sinners be:
And vexed with their sorrows sense,
Incline to their defence.

11 So words like these their passion throws;
How should we think, God knows;

12 Who lets the wicked live in health,
And daily grow in wealth?

13 Why virtue then should I retain?
I cleanse my heart in vain.
In vain my hands held from offence
I wash in innocence.

14 For all the daies my life hath seen,
I have afflicted been:
My Soul, with wants and sorrows worn,
Was chaff'n'd every morn.

15 Yet, should I not these murmures check,
But thus disturbed speak:
I might thy Children so offend,
And thee blaspheming end.

Second

And

Second Part.

16 But this I found by flesh and blood
Hard to be understood :

17 Nor, till I to thy Temple went,
Could know, what these things meant.

Then I discern'd, what they portend,
And how the wicked end :

18 Whom thou in slippery fortunes plac'd
Do'st unto ruin cast.

19 How are their glories, quick as thought,
To desolation brought ?

They in a moment turn'd to tears
Consume by their own fears.

20 God, as a dream when one awakes,
Their Image vanish makes.

Causing their late admirers eyes
Them now as much despise.

21 Thus was my heart perplex'd with pains,
And anguish prick'd my reins ;

22 So foolish in my thoughts disrest
Am I, so like a beast.

23 Yet I by thee am still sustain'd,
Held up by thy Right hand.

24 Thy counsel here shall me direct,
Then crown with thine Elect.

Psalm LXXIV.

111

15 Whom have I in the heav'ns, but thee?
Who can my Saviour be?
And through the spacious earth I none
Desire, but thee alone.

16 My drooping heart doth daily fail,
My flesh corrupt and frail:
But thou the strength'ner of my heart,
And lasting portion art.

17 Who far from thee revolting fly,
Shall perish utterly.
For thou destroy'd, and castest low
Such as to Idols bow.

18 But it is good, with holy fear
That I to God draw near;
To thee my hopes entrusted are,
Who will thy works declare.

Psalm LXIV.

1 **V**Hy art thou absent (Lord) so long,
Regardless of thy Servants wrong?
Or wherefore doth thy kindled ire,
Thy sheep and pastures burn like fire?
1 O think upon thy chosen Lot,
Nor let Mount *Sion* be forgot.
And may the tribe thou did'st redeem,
Be ever dear in thy esteem.

- 3 Lift up thy feet, bring those to nought,
Who 'gainst thy Church have evil wrought.
- 4 Thine adversaries roar and shout,
They hang in scorn their banners out.
- 5 The carved works, whose art and cost
Thy Temples building once did boast,
6 Are into pitty'd ruine thrown,
And with their hammers broken down.
- 7 Thy Holy Place they turn to flame,
Defile the dwelling of thy Name:
And in their wicked hearts design,
Her glories quite to undermine.
- 8 With general havock let us rase,
The Sanctuaries hallow'd place.
Gods Houses thus in ashes laid,
Are woful heaps of rubbish made.
- 9 We see no Sign, nor Miracle,
No Prophet have, who can foretell:
Not one hath knowledge to forecast,
How long these miseries shall last.
- 10 O God! still shall the foe blaspheme,
And make thy Name dishonours theme?
- 11 Thy vengeful hand no longer hide,
But stretch it forth to strike their pride.
- 12 For God is my all-pow'rful King,
From whom earths help and safety spring.
- 13 Thou did'st restrain the rising tide,
And with thy strength the Sea divide.
Thou brak'st th' *Aegypti* in Dragons-head,
And left'st him on the waters dead;

- 14 *Leviathan* that sports the flood,
Thou gavest for thy peoples food.
- 15 Thou from the rock mad'st fountains flow,
And swelling Seas dry land to grow:
- 16 Thine is the day, the Suns fair light, well
Thine are the courses of the night:
- 17 The borders which the earth confine,
Are set and bounded by thy line: I cold
The Summers heat, and winters cold;
From thee their yearly seasons hold.
- 18 Remember, Lord! thy House desil'd,
Thy Name by blasphemies revild:
- 19 O give not up thy Turtles life, ignorant
A spoil to adversaries strife:
- Let not thy Congregation mourn, lost
Reproach'd by them, of thee forlorn.
- 20 Look on the Covenant, and see how ill
Earth dark'ned by their cruelty:
- 21 Let not th' oppressor return with shame,
But let the needy praise thy Name.
- 22 Arise (O God) maintain thy cause, maintain
Thy Temples honour, and thy Laws.
- Remember their blaspheming noise,
Thine enemies insulting voice.
- 23 Their insolence, who thee despise.
Doth still increase, and higher rise.

Psalm LXXV.

1. **T**O thee (O God) with grateful heart,
 To thee we thanks impart.
 How near, and helpful is thy Name,
 Thy wond'rous works proclaim.
- 2 When I, advanc'd to *Judab's* Throne,
 Shall rule the Nation;
 In justice will I take delight,
 And judge the peoples right.
- 3 The earth, with her Inhabitants,
 Through fear dissolves and faints.
 Yet of her loose, declining frame,
 The Pillars I sustain.
- 4 I said unto the foolish men;
 Deal not so madly then:
 And unto those, Gods Precepts scorn,
 Exalt not you the horn.
- 5 Lift not your selves against his check,
 Nor speak with a stiff neck.
- 6 Promotion comes not from the East,
 Nor South, nor from the West.
- 7 But God as Judge our fortune guides,
 Our lot of life divides:
 He one man lifts unto the Crown,
 And puts another down.

1 He holds a cup, whose wine is red,
Full mixt, and tempered :
For wicked ones the dreg, and lee,
Wrung out to drink shall be.

9 I will in Songs of praise declare,
The God of *Jacobs* care :
10 The horns of Pride cut off will I,
But lift the Just on high.

Psalm LXXVI.

1 IN *Judah* God is known ; his Name
The *Israelites* for great proclaim.

2 His Tabernacles *Salem* grace,
And *Sion* is his dwelling place.

3 There he the Bow and Arrows broke,
And bartels to confusion shook.
The glittering Sword, the guarding Shield,
Could not resist, nor safety yield.

4 Thou of more honour art then they,
Who rove upon the Hills of prey :
5 For they, whose pride did us imbroid,
Are now themselves become a spoil.

A lasting sleep shuts up their eyes,
And all their strength in weakness dies.
6 At thy rebuke the barbed horse,
And armed Chariots lose their force.

- 7 Thou Lord art fear'd, who may withstand
The fury of thy pow'rful hand ?
- 8 From Heaven we thy Judgments heard,
The trembling earth was still, and fear'd.
- 9 When God the meek and humble saves,
But gives the proud untimely graves.
- 10 He on their fall his fame doth raise,
And turns their malice to his praise.
- 11 Vow to the Lord your God, and bring
To him your promis'd offering.
- 12 He Princes spirits can restrain,
And Kings of earth with terrour chain.

Psalm LXXVII.

- 1 Cry'd to God with accents shrill ;
To God that hears my prayer still.
- 2 When into times of trouble brought,
I unto him for succour fought.
All night my anguish did not ceale ;
My soul no comfort found, nor ease.
- 3 I think on God amidst my pains,
My vexed spirit to him complains.
- 4 My sleepless eyes thou hold'st awake ;
My tongue perplexed nothing spake.
- 5 The daies of old I meditate,
The ancient times expired date.

6 I to remembrance call my Song,
My wonted mirth, omitted long :
All night I communie with my heart,
My spirits search to ease my smart.

7 Will God for ever us reject ?
Nor by his favour us protect ?
Is his compassion left and gone,
His promises not thought upon ?
8 Hath God his pity now forgot ?
Or must destruction be our lot ?
9 Or will his wrath, by sin renew'd,
His tender mercies quite exclude ?

10 Thus I complain'd : And then said I,
This is mine own infirmity.
But I remember will the years
Thy right hand kept from want, or fears.
11 The wonders which thou did'st of old,
Shall with my thankful tongue be told.
12 My heart thy works shall meditate,
My words thy Noble Acts relate.

13 Thy ways (O God !) most holy are ;
Who with thy greatness may compare ?
14 In miracles, and wondrous signs
Thy strength among the people shines.
15 Thou with that high victorious hand,
Not all the Nations could withstand :
The Sons of *Jacob* did'st redeem ;
And *Josephs* off-spring wilt esteem.

- 16 O God the waters at thy sight
Unto their depths retir'd with fright :
The billows of the troubled main
Shrunk down, and hid themselves again.
- 17 The melting Cloud discharg'd in showers,
Like to a falling tempest powrs :
Whilst sounds of horror tear the sky,
And through the air thine arrows fly.
- 18 Loud thunder from the heavens strook,
Thy lightnings shone, earths fabrick shook :
- 19 In the great waters lyes thy path,
Which where thou go'st no footsteps hath.
- 20 Thy people thou like sheep hast led,
Sav'd from the Sea, in Desarts fed :
And brought'st them to their promis'd Land,
By *Moses* and by *Aarons* hand.

Psalm LXXVIII.

- 1 **H**ear, O my people and encline
Your ear unto my Laws divine.
- 2 I will dark Parables unfold,
3 Which we have heard from Fathers told.
- 4 We will not from succession hide
His works in praises magnifi'd :
- 5 Who gave a Law to *Israel*,
Which Parents must to Children tell.
- 6 That Generations yet unborn
Might know their duty to perform ?
- 7 That they their hope in God may set ;
And not his works, or Law forget :

- 8 Nor like their Fathers, Rebels prove,
With hearts unsteadfast in his love :
- 9 Like those revolvers Ephraim bred;
Who armed from the battel fled.
- 10 They Gods Command, and Pact refus'd ,
- 11 His works forgate, and pow'r abus'd :
- 12 When Egypt's land, and Zions field
Such marvels to their sight did yield.
- 13 For then divided he the deep,
The floods contracting to an heap :
- 14 By day the Cloud their guide became ;
At night he led them with a flame.
- 15 He Rocks in barren Desarts clave,
Which drink like swelling Rivers gave ,
- 16 He caus'd full streams from drought to grow,
And waters made like torrents flow.
- 17 Yet they, by sinning, him forsook,
And in the Desert did provoke.
- 18 They tempted God by asking meat ;
Which they for lust, not hunger, eat.
- 19 Yea thus against their God they spake :
Can he in Desarts diet make ?
- 20 The Rock he did in streams divide ;
But can he bread, or flesh provide ?
- 21 When God heard this, his just mov'd ire
'Gainst Jacob kindled like a fire :
- 22 Because their God they faithless griev'd,
And his salvation not believ'd.

- 23 Though his Command the Clouds had try'd
 The doors of heaven open'd wide :
 24 He rain'd down *Manna* for their meat,
 And gave them corn from heav'n to eat.
 25 Thus man with Angels food was fed :
 For to the full he gave them bread.
 26 He caus'd the Eastern wind to blow,
 And made the South his plenty throw.
 27 He flesh, as dust, upon them rain'd ;
 The Fowls like heaps of Sand remain'd.
 28 They 'midst their Camp with food were cloy'd,
 29 And all they could desire, enjoy'd.
 30 But whilst their mouth the meat in took,
 31 Gods wrath their belt, and choicest strook.
 32 For all this, *Israel* sinned still,
 His wonders slight, neglect his will.

Second Part.

- 33 Therefore their daies they vainly spend,
 And all their years in trouble end.
 34 Yet when he slew them, then they sought,
 And God to their remembrance brought :
 They turn'd, and from their sin retir'd,
 And early after God enquir'd.
 35 Then God they for their Rock esteem'd,
 Remembring he had them redeem'd.
 36 Yet with their flatter'ing mouth they ly'd ;
 37 Their heart his Covenant deni'd :
 8 Though full of pity he forgave,
 Retir'd his wrath, and them did save.

- 39 For he remembred, they were frail,
Whose lusts above his Laws prevail:
As palling winds, so light and vain,
Which breathing out, ne're come again.
- 40 Oft did they grieve him, oft rebel;
41 Tempting the God of *Israel*.
42 They thought not on his pow'rful arm,
Which kept them safe from hostile harm.
43 How he his signs in *Egypt* wrought,
His wonders over *Zaan* brought:
44 And turn'd their rivers into blood;
They could not drink the crimsin flood.
- 45 He sent strange flies which them annoy;
And Frogs, their plenty to destroy:
46 Their fruits the Caterpillars eat,
And Locusts reap'd the Ploughman's sweat:
47 With hail their swelling vines were lost,
Their Sycamores destroy'd with frost:
48 Their herds by tempest came to nought,
Their flocks the furious thunder smote.
- 49 His fiercest wrath on them was spent;
Bad Angels were among them sent:
50 Their souls not spared were from death,
Disease and plagues depriv'd their breath.
51 The First-born he through *Egypt* slew,
The chief which *Ham*, or *Nilus* knew.
52 But he his people led like sheep,
And did his flock in *Deserts* keep.

Third

Third Part.

- 53 He brought them safe, and free from fear,
When their pursuers drowned were.
54 And to his Sanctuary led,
The Mount his hand had purchased.
55 The Heathen he before them drave,
Their land by line to *Jacob* gave;
And made their Tribes in Tents to dwell;
56 Who tempting God, again rebel.
- 57 They like their Fathers backward slide;
As Bows deceitful, turn'd aside.
58 High places him provoke, and prove;
His jealousie their Idols move.
59 When God heard this, he waxed wroth,
And *Israel* did greatly loath:
60 His Tabernacle he forsook,
And no delight in *Shiloh* took.
- 61 Their strength he gave to captive bands;
His glory to the Heathens hands:
62 He left his people to the sword;
His kindled wrath his Lot devour'd.
63 Their young men were consum'd by fire;
Their Maids in Marriage none require:
64 Their Priests were unto slaughter sent;
Nor did their widows them lament.
- 65 Then did the Lord from sleep awake,
From wine as Gyants spirit take:
66 Upon his flying foes he came,
And put them to perpetual shame.

- 67 He *Joseph's* Tent did then refuse,
Nor would the Tribe of *Ephraim* chuse.
68 But *Judah's* Tribe he did elect,
Mount *Sion*, which his thoughts affect.
69 His Sanctuary high he plac'd,
Like earth, which stands for ever fast.
70 His choice did then on *David* look,
And from amongst the Sheepfolds took :
71 From following Ewes, he made him feed
His chosen people, *Jacob's* Seed :
72 Whom with a perfect heart he fed,
And by his skilful conduct led.

Psalm LXXIX.

- 1 O God the Heathen us invade,
Thine heritage a prey is made.
Thy holy Temple they defile,
And *Salem* make their ruines pile.
2 The bodies of thy servants lie,
To gorge the fowls through heav'n that lie,
The carcases of Saints are feasts,
To glut and feed devouring beasts :
3 Their blood like water hath been shed,
And none would see them buried.
4 We are become our Neighbours flout,
Reproach'd and laugh'd at round about :
5 How long Lord shall thy jealous ire,
Consume us like unquenched fire ?
6 Let thy fierce anger those devour,
Who neither fear thy Name, or pow'r.

- 7 Let those at length thy judgments taste,
Whose furious rage laid *Jacob* waste.
- 8 Remember not our former sin,
Nor how rebellious we have bin :
Let speedy mercies us prevent,
Who languish through thy punishment :
- 9 Save us O God, for thy great Name,
Forgive our sins, remove our shame.
- 10 Why should in scorn the Heathen say,
Where is the God whom we obey ?
O let the value of our blood,
In thy revenge be understood !
- 11 And let the pris'ners groans, and sighs,
Up to thy Throne of mercy rise!
Deliver those are mark't to die,
By their blood-thirsting cruelty.
- 12 Let seven-fold vengeance them reward,
Who nor thy Church, nor thee regard :
And may those tongues which thee blaspheme,
Become themselves reproaches theme.
- 13 So we thy people, and the sheep,
Which thine own Fold and Pastures keep,
Will thank thy goodness all our daies,
And to succession sing thy praise.

Psalm LXXX.

- 1 **G**reat Shepherd who dost *Israel* keep,
And ledest *Joseph* like a sheep;
Give ear, and shine with glorious light,
O thou that dwell'st 'twixt *Cherubs* bright.

- 2 Before thy Tribes, now Captives made,
Stir up thy self and bring us aid :
Manasses, Ephraim behold,
And *Benjamin* to bondage fold.
- 3 Turn us again O God of might,
And shew to us thy comforts light ;
Thy favour to thy servants deign,
And then we shall be whole again.
- 4 How long wilt thou displeased be,
With those who daily worship thee ?
How long thy closed ear exclude
Their prayers, who to thee have su'd ?
- 5 Thou feedest them with sorrows bread,
And tears for drink are measured.
- 6 We are through strife and envy torn,
Our neighbour's spoil, our haters scorn.
- 7 Turn us again great God of might,
And shew to us thy comforts light ;
Thy favour to thy servants deign,
And then we shall be whole again.
- 8 Thou didst a Vine from *Aegypt* bring,
Thy hand which planted, made it spring ;
- 9 And that it might have room to spread,
The Heathen were discomfited :
Its root thou caused'st fast to stand,
And with fair branches fill the land ;
- 10 The hills were cover'd with her shade,
Her boughs like goodly Cedars made.

- 11 Her arms did from the River reach,
Unto the swelling Oceans breach.
- 12 Why hast thou then broke down her fence?
Exposing her to violence?
That all who pass along her place,
Pluck off her grapes, her stock deface:
- 13 The Mountain beasts, the Forrest Boar
Root up her plants, devour her store.
- 14 Return O God ! from Heaven shine,
Visit thy now despised Vine :
And what thy right hand once did plant,
O never may thy blessing want.
- 15 Let all her branches flourish long,
Which for thy self thou mad'st so strong.
- 16 For though cut down, and burnt she lies,
Thy beams of love shall make her rise.
- 17 Thy people strengthen and protect,
Whom for thy self thou did'st elect :
- 18 So will we not go back from thee,
Whose name shall still invoked be.
- 19 Turn us again O God of might,
And shew to us thy comforts light ;
Thy favour to thy servants deign,
And then we shall be whole again.

Psalm LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our strength lift up your voice,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Let Timbrel, Psalm, the pleasant Lyre
With Plaktery conspire.

3 The Trumpet in the New Moon blow,
In solemn triumph go :

4 Which God did as a Law ordain
For *Jacob* to retain.

5 This he to *Joseph* did command
In the Egyptian Land ;
Where I a language heard unknown,
And understood by none.

6 His shoulder I from burthens eas'd,
From making bricks releas'd.

7 Thou didst on me in trouble call,
Who ransom'd thee from thrall.

In thunder from the breaking Cloud
I answer'd thee aloud :
And at the waters where you strove
In *Meribah* did prove.

8 Hear O my people ! I will tell
To thee O *Israel* :

9 No Heathen Gods shalt thou adore,
Nor worship them before.

10 I am thy God, who freedom wrought,
And thee from *Egypt* brought.
Thy mouth enlarg'd, and open'd wide,
By me shall be supply'd.

11 But they my Precepts did neglect,
And *Jacob* me reject :

12 So left I them to lusts unknown,
And counsels of their own.

- 13 O that my people would have heard,
 And from my ways not err'd.
 14 Their foes then had I soon subdu'd,
 And with my hand pursu'd.
 15 No place Gods haters should secure;
 But they should still endure.
 16 I fed them had with finest wheat,
 And honey for their meat.

Psalm LXXXII.

- 1 **G**Od in the great Assembly sits,
 To Kings and Judges judgment fits.
 2 How long the right will ye reject,
 And persons of the bad respect?
 3 The poor and fatherless defend,
 Justice to men oppress'd extend.
 4 Deliver those in need that stand,
 And save them from the wickeds hand.
 5 They will not understand, nor know,
 But in the mists of darkness go.
 Earths bases all are out of course,
 Whilst Justice fails, and Law wants force.
 6 I said that Kings are Gods on earth,
 And Sons deriv'd from highest birth.
 7 But ye like other men shall die,
 And with the fallen Princes lie.
 8 O God! whose pow'r doth all comprise,
 In judgment on the earth arise.
 For all the Nations scatter'd far,
 Thy lot, and Tributaries are.

Psalm LXXXIII.

1 **D**O not (O God) thou silence keep,
Nor let thy vengeance sleep.

2 Thy hateful foes lift up their head,
In tumults gathered.

3 With craft, and counsels of deceit,
They plot, and lie in wait ;
How they thy people may annoy,
And thine Elect destroy.

4 Come let us (say this furious rout)
Their Nation quite root out :
And let the name of *Israel* be
Lost to all memory.

5 In consultations full of hate,
'Gainst thee confederate.

6 *Edom* with *Ishmael* combine,
Moab with *Hagar's* line.

7 *Gabal*, and *Ammon* 'gainst us fight,
With the *Amalekite* :
The *Philistines* arm'd bands conspire,
With those that dwell at *Tyre*.

8 And *Assur* runs in to their aid,
Prepared to invade ;
They strengthen *Lot's* incestuous Race,
Our dwellings to deface.

9 But thou like *Midian* them confound,
 Whose sword themselves did wound :
 Like *Sisera* O make them all,
 Who did at *Kishon* fall.

10 Be they as *Jabin* swoln with pride,
 Whose dreadful Armies dy'd :
 Their carkasses in *Endor* flung.
 Were spreading on earth as dung.

11 Let *Oreb's*, *Zeb's*, *Zalmunna's* fate,
 Reward their Princes hate,

12 Who said, let us our force address,
 Gods Houses to possess.

13 My God ! O make them like a wheel,
 As straw in winds to reel :

14 As raging fires their fuel burn,
 And hills to ashes turn.

15 So with thy tempest them pursue,
 With storms their fear renew.

16 O Lord ! their faces fill with shame,
 That they may seek thy Name.

17 Let them confounded ever stand,
 And perish by thy hand.

18 That men may know, *Jehovah's* Name
 Rules all this earthly frame.

Psalm LXXXIV.

1 How lovely, thou great Lord of war,
 Thy Tabernacles are !

2 My longing soul is faint, and pain'd,
Whilst from thy Courts restrain'd.

My heart, my flesh, with all that give
Me pow'r to move, or live,
Cry loud, till they admitted be
The living God to see.

3 Yea Sparrows find a house to rest,
The Swallow builds her Nest :
Their young they to thine Altar bring,
O Lord, my God and King.

4 Blessed are they, who all their daies
Thee in thy Temple praise.

5 Blest is the man, whose strength thou art,
Whose ways direct his heart,

6 Who passing through the mournful vale,
Where springs and comforts fail,
Make Wells in *Baca's* barren plain,
And pools to fill with rain.

7 They go from strength to strength, nor faint
Through weariness or want ;
Till to thy house approaching near
In *Sion* they appear.

8 Lord God of Hosts, my pray'r hear ;
O *Jacob's* God give ear !

9 O God our Shield, look down with grace
On thine Anointed's face.

10 One day, which in thy Courts he spends,
Thoufands of ours transcends.
Ple rather keep a door with thee,
Then all earth's glory see.

11 For God our Shield, our Sun, and Light,
Crowns thofe that walk upright.
Nor fails all good fuch men to give,
Who in his Statutes live.

12 O Lord of Hofts, great God of Might,
Who dwell'ft in endless light :
How bleffed fhall that fervant be,
Who puts his truft in thee ?

Psalm LXXXV.

1 **L**ord ! to thy Land thou good haft been,
Which hath thy favour feen :
Thou *Jacob's* Off-fpring haft fet free
From their captivity.

2 Thou thy forgivenefs didft difpence,
To cover all offence.

3 Thou haft remov'd thy wrath which burn'd,
And from thy fiercenefs turn'd.

4 Turn us, O God of health, and peace,
O caufe thine anger ceafe.

5 Wilt thou displeas'd for ever be
With all pofterity ?

6 Wilt thou not us again receive ?
Thy peoples joys enlive ?

7 Lord shew that mercy which we want,
And thy salvation grant.

8 I will what God declares attend,
For he his peace will send,
And cures his Saints of all their pain,
If they not sin again.

9 For his salvation is near,
To such as do him fear :
That Glory in our Land may dwell,
And all things prosper well.

10 Mercy with Truth united is,
Justice and Peace do kiss.
11 Truth springing out of earth is strook,
And right from Heav'n doth look.

12 The Lord shall give us all things good ;
Our Land yield store of food.
13 Before him righteousness shall go,
His ways and steps to shew.

Psalm LXXXVI.

BOW down thine ear (Lord) to my cry,
Poor, and in misery :
Preserve my guiltless soul, whose faith
On thee depended hath.

Shew mercy (Lord !) for all the day,
Before thy Throne I pray :
Rejoyce thy servants soul, which he
Lifts up (O Lord) to thee.

K 3

5 Thou

- 5 Thou good and gracious dost live,
And ready to forgive :
Thou plenteous mercy keep'st in store,
For all who thee implore.
- 6 Unto my prayer (Lord) give ear,
My supplications hear :
- 7 In time of trouble, and of grief,
Thou sendest me relief.
- 8 Among earths Gods, or Pow'rs Divine,
No works are like to thine.
- 9 The Nations all, whom thou didst frame,
Shall glorific thy Name.
- 10 Thou wonders dost (great God) alone ;
- 11 Thy way to me make known.
My heart unto thy fear unite,
Who in thy Name delight..
- 12 Then I my faculties will raise,
To honour thee with praise ;
- 13 Who dost my soul in mercy save
From the devouring grave.
- 14 O God ! the proud against me rise,
In furious companies :
Ungodly men my life have sought,
Who set thy pow'r at nought.
- 15 But thou, a God compassionate,
Whose mercies not abate,
Long suffering art, and patient,
To pardon sinners bent.

16 O turn to me in love again;
Let me thy pity gain.
Give strength, and from destruction
O save thine Hand-maids Son.

Some token of thy favour deign,
Which may my haters shame.
Because thou Lord hast brought me aid,
And art my comfort made.

Psalm LXXXVII.

1 UPon the holy Mountains brest,
Where God himself doth rest:
By his protect'ion firmly staid
Are her foundations laid.

2 The Lord, who *Sion* did elect,
Her gates doth more affect,
Then all the num'rous Tents beside
Where *Jacob's* Sons abide.

3 *Jerusalem!* thou City fair,
Gods dwelling, and his care!
Of thee, thou Throne of *Judah's* Kings
Are spoken glorious things.

4 I will strong *Rahab* mention,
With high-tow'r'd *Babylon*:
The scorched *Ethiopian* lands,
The Plains where *Tyrus* stands,

- Philistia* too shall reck'ned be,
 With those acknowledge me :
 5 For ev'ry quarter of the earth
 Gives *Sions* children birth,

God shall establish her on high,
 Her numbers multiply :
 When Nations far dispersed shall
 Be gather'd at his call,

- 6 And when the Lord his Churches fruits
 With all her Sons computes,
 They shall amongst his people known
 Be counted for his own.
- 7 The Singers too rehearsed are,
 Who there his praise declare ;
 From whence arise fresh Springs of Grace,
 To water ev'ry place.

Psalm LXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O thee (O Lord) who me dost save,
 Both day and night I cryed have.
 2 Lend to my voice a gracious ear ;
 3 Whose troubled soul to death draws near.
 4 Cast down to earth, I'mongst the dead
 5 Am only free, and numbered,
 Like those who in the grave forgot,
 By thee cut off, corrupt and rot.
- 6 Thou in the lowest Pit hast laid,
 And darkest deeps my cov'ring made :

- 7 I am hard pressed by thy wrath,
And every wave afflicted hath:
- 8 Thou mine acquaintance hast remov'd,
And sever'd me from those I lov'd :
Their friendship turned is to hate ;
My life shut up, and desolate.
- 9 My weeping eye doth daily mourn,
My hands stretch'd out, my hopes forlorn.
- 10 Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead,
To praise thee rais'd, and wakened ?
- 11 Shall the devouring grave declare,
How true thy promis'd mercies are ?
- 12 Or shall the dark thy wonders see,
The Land where all forgotten be ?
- 13 To thee (O Lord) my cries are sent :
My prayer shall the morn prevent :
- 14 O why dost thou my soul reject,
And hid'st from me thy blest aspect ?
- 15 Afflicted, and in misery,
I almost ready am to die :
From youth to age, in lifes each act,
Thy suffer'd terrors me distract ?
- 16 Thy wrath quite over me doth go,
Thine indignation strikes me so :
- 17 They, like the raging floods abound,
Or swelling waters, me surround.
- 18 My friends, and all my lovers are
By thee, from my relief put far.
And those who my acquaintance were,
Conceal'd, or lost, my sight forbear.

Psalm LXXXIX.

- M**Y Song thy mercies shall make known,
 Thy truth to all succession.
 For they built up for ever last,
 And are in Heav'n establish'd fast :
 I to my chosen *David* sware,
 And did by Covenant declare ;
 I stablish will thy seed alone,
 And build to thee a lasting Throne.
 The Heav'ns thy wonders praise confess,
 And Saihts proclaim thy faithfulnes.
 For who in earth, or heaven are,
 Whose might can with the Lord compare ?
 Fear'd by his Saints, by them implor'd,
 And by his servants still ador'd.
 O Lord of Hosts, who is so strong ?
 Whose word, like thine, endures so long ?
 Thou rul'st the Seas that rage and rise,
 Whose swelling wave becalmed lies ;
 Thou *Rahab* brak'st, like one that's dead ;
 Thine arm thy foes hath scattered.
 The Heav'ns are thine, with earth's encrease,
 And all the fulness grows from these.
 The North and South thy pow'r did frame,
Taber and *Hermes* praise thy Name.
 Thy mighty arm is lifted high ;
 Thy right hand full of Majesty.
 Thy Throne hath Justice for its base,
 Mercy and truth before thy face.

- 15 Blessed are they, who at thy feasts,
And in thy presence are the guests.
16 They all the day rejoyce in thee,
In righteousness exalted be.
17 Thy strength and glory them adorn,
Whose favour shall lift up our horn.
18 The Lord to us doth safety bring,
Thy Holy One remains our King.
19 In visions thou to him hast said ;
I on my chosen help have laid.
20 I have my servant *David* found,
With Oyl annointed him, and crown'd.
21 Confirm'd, and strength'ned by my Arm,
I will protect his life from harm.
22 No enemy on him exact,
Nor hurt him shall, by wicked pact :
23 His foes beat down before him fly,
And shall by plagues consumed die.
24 My mercy yet, to him assur'd,
Shall in his glory be secur'd.

Second Part.

- 25 His right hand lifted o're the main,
Shall to the in-land rivers reign.
26 He, crying in his prayers, shall,
My God, and Rock, and Father, call.
27 Ple make him heir, my first begot ,
Above earth's Kings advance his lot :
28 To him my mercy ne're shall waste ;
My Covenant stand ever fast.

- 29 His seed shall long endure, his Throne
 Like Heav'n's unweari'd motion.
 30 But if his Sons my Law forsake,
 31 Or my Commands and Statutes break;
 32 My Rod shall punish their neglect,
 My hand with stripes their sins correct.
 33 Yet shall my love to him prevail,
 34 My Covenant nor change, nor fail.

 35 To *David* have I sworn, that I
 My promise would not falsifie:
 36 His seed shall govern, whilst the Sun
 About the world his course doth run;
 37 And like the Moon establish'd be
 The faithful pledge of my decree.
 38 But thine Anointed now thy wrath
 Cast off, and quite abhorred hath.

 39 Thou void hast made the Cov'nant seal'd,
 Profan'd his Crown, his Rule repeal'd:
 40 His Bulwarks broke, his fences torn,
 41 Make him his neighbours spoil and scorn.
 42 Thou strength'n'd hast his foes right hand,
 43 That he in battel cannot stand:
 44 His sword wants edge, his glory's gone,
 And to the earth cast down his Throne.

 45 Thou short'n'd hast his youth; his fame
 Obscur'd, and cover'd is with shame.
 46 Lord! wilt thou ever from us turn?
 Or shall, like fire, thine anger burn?
 47 Remember yet how short thy daies;
 How vain mans life, how soon decays.

Psalm XC.

141

48 What mortal lives, who shall not die ?
And in the pit of silence lie ?

49 Where are thy mercies (Lord!) the faith
Thy Oath to *David* plighted hath ?

50 Remember (Lord) thy servants shame ;
How mighty people us defame :

51 Think how thy foes have us abus'd,
And thine Anointed's steps traduc'd.

52 Yet shall my soul, how e're oppress'd,
Say evermore, The Lord be blest.

Psalm XC.

1 O Lord ! thou hast our Refuge been ;
All Ages have thy mercies seen.

2 Before the lofty hills were made,
Or earths unmov'd foundation laid :
From everlasting thou art God,
And wilt out-live times period :

3 Thou turn'st to dust the sons of men :
Then say'st, Return to life agen.

4 A thousand years in thy account
But to a day with us amount :
Nor are extended in thy sight,
Beyond the watch of one short night :

5 Our time runs on like rapid streams ;
We vanish as forgotten dreams :

6 Like grass, or morning flowers, we spring ;
Then wither in the evening.

7 When

- 7 When thou displeased art, we wast,
And unto nothing come at last.
- 8 Thou mark'st our deeds; our sins of night
Are always open to thy sight;
Making the breach of thy pure Laws,
Our death, and swift destructions cause.
- 9 From whence we suddenly wax old,
Expiring like a tale that's told.
- 10 The common Age of mortal men
Exceeds not threescore years and ten.
And if to fourscore they attain,
Their life is but a length'ned pain.
Incessants sorrows, and disease,
Their faculties and vigour seize.
For soon cut off our daies decay,
And suddenly we flie away.
- 11 But who regards thy heavy wrath,
Or of thy fear true feeling hath?
Neither thy judgment, nor thy love,
Can us unto repentance move.
- 12 Lord! so our daies to number teach,
We may the end of wisdom reach:
And learn those errours to forget,
Which us in thy displeasure set.
- 13 Return (O Lord!) and now repent
At our endured punishment.
How long wilt thou thy help delay,
Or not remove our woes away?
- 14 O satisfie our soul with joys,
To recompence lifes past annoys.

- 15 Afford us comfort for those years
We were enforc'd to spend in tears.
- 16 Lord ! let thy glorious work appear,
Thy servants from the dust to rear.
That all succeeding times may know,
What praises to thy Name we owe.
- 17 O let thy beams of favour shine
On those who in Death's shade have ly'n.
Grant that for which we prayers make;
And prosper all we undertake.

Psalm XCI.

- 1 **W**Ho so in Gods protection dwell,
Abide secure, and well :
For shadow'd by th' Almighty's care
Both soul and body are.
- 2 I therefore to the Lord will say,
Thou art my hope and stay.
Thou art my refuge, my strong hold,
Who dost my faith embolden.
- 3 He shall preserve thee from the Net,
Which cunning Hunters set :
Protecting thee by his defence,
In times of Pestilence.
- 4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
With safety covered :
And least temptation make thee yield,
His truth shall be thy Shield.

- 5 The gastly terrours of the night
Shall not thy peace affright :
Nor arrows, which by day do kill,
Thy life with slaughter spill.
- 6 No tainted air, nor noysome Pest
Thy dwelling shall infest,
No perils, which at noon destroy,
Thy safety shall annoy.
- 7 Though thousands, or ten thousands dy'd,
Thick falling by thy side ;
Thou shalt unhurt, and guarded stand
From sickness on each hand.
- 8 Thine eye the wicked shall behold
Unto destruction fold :
- 6 Yet them nor fears, nor dangers shake,
Who God their refuge make.
- 10 No evil hap shall thee distast,
Nor plague thy dwelling wast.
- 11 For he his Angels shall command
Thy Centinels to stand.
- 12 In all thy ways they shall thee keep,
Whither thou wake, or sleep.
And least a stone thy foot should hurt,
Their hands shall thee support.
- 13 No *Basilisk*, nor Adders sting
Thy life in danger bring.
Thou shalt upon the Lyon tread,
And bruise the Dragons head.

14 Because his love is set on me,
I will his Guardian be :
Since he acknowledg'd hath my Name,
I will exalt his fame.

15 When e're he calls, I will him hear,
In trouble, and in fear.
I will to honour him advance ;
And send deliverance.

16 With length of life, and happy daies,
I will his comforts raise.
And when his time on earth is done,
Give him Salvation.

Psalm XCII.

It is a good and blessed thing
Praise to thy Name (most High) to sing.
Thy kindness 'fore the morning light
To shew thy faithfulness each night.
Upon a ten-string'd instrument
With Psalteries well tun'd concert,
And on the solemn sounding Lyre,
Where all harmonious notes conspire.

For thou (O Lord) my heart hast made,
Through all thy hands atchievements, glad ;
Who, in thy works, which earth do fill,
Rejoyce, and always triumph will.
O Lord ! how great thy actions are ?
Deep are thy thoughts, and hidden far.
The brutish do not this attend,
Nor will the fools it apprehend.

L

7 When

- 7 When like the grafs, or flow'rs which spring,
The wicked men are flourishing:
Ev'n then their quick destruction hasts;
8 But (Lord!) thy glory ever lasts.
9 For lo, thrown down and scatter'd all
Thine Enemies before thee fall.
10 How e're, thou wilt exalt my horn,
Like to the stately Unicorn.

With freshest Oyl, and Balm new shed,
Thou wilt annoint my conqu'ring head.

- 11 Mine eye shall see its just desire
On those, who 'gainst my life conspire:
And for those wicked Enemies,
Who to my safeties hazard rise,
Mine ears shall hear them come to nought,
By thy revenge to ruine brought.

- 12 The righteous like the Palm shall grow,
Or Cedars on the Mountains brow.

- 13 Who in Gods House implanted be,
Within his Courts we prosper see.

- 14 In their old age they fruit shall bring;
Continue fat, and flourishing:

- 15 To shew the Lord my Rock is just,
With whom no wicked harbour must.

Psalm XCIII.

- 1 **T**He Lord our God doth reign on high,
Cloathed with Majesty.
He vested is with glorious light,
And girds himself with might.

The world created by his hand,
Established doth stand
So fast and firm upon its base,
It moves not from the place.

Yet far more stable, and more old,
Thy Throne (O Lord) shall hold.
Which, when Earth's Fabrick melts and wafis,
Like thee, for ever lasts.

The floods (O Lord!) lift up their voice,
In uproar, and in noyse:
The swelling waves up-lifted rise,
To band against the Skies.

Yet is the Lord more mighty far
Then those proud waters are:
And stronger then the Oceans wave,
Which winds enchas'd have.

Thy Testimonies true and sure
Eternally endure.
And holiness becomes (O God!)
The House of thine aboad.

Psalm XCIV.

O God! who just revenge dost take,
Now let thy vengeance wake.
Great Judge of Earth arise, from hence
The proud to recompence.

- 3 How long (Lord) shall their wicked Host,
How long triumph and boast?
- 4 How long shall their insulting tongue
Joy in thy servants wrong?
- 5 They break thy people (Lord) in rage,
Afflict thine Heritage.
- 6 They Widows slay, the poor oppress,
And kill the fatherless.
- 7 Yet hard'ned in presumption, they,
The Lord not sees us, say;
Great *Jacob's* God doth not regard,
Nor will the sin reward.
- 8 Take heed ye brutish and unwise,
Who thus your crimes disguise.
Ye foolish people of the Land,
When will ye understand?
- 9 Think ye, that he who plants the ear
Unable is to hear?
Or shall not he, who form'd the eye,
Your wickedness descry?
- 10 Shall he, who Nations overthrew,
Not know to punish you?
- 11 To whose all-searching view is brought
The vainness of mans thought.
- 12 Blessed (O Lord) and happy he,
Who chast'ned is by thee:
Whom thou in mercy dost correct,
And in thy Law direct.

13 That though with crosses over-prest,
He may in patience rest,
Till for transgressors ruine he
A pit prepared see.

14 For God his people not rejects,
Nor his own choice neglects;
15 But judgment all their wrongs shall right,
And comfort the upright.

16 Who will with me against those rise,
Who work iniquities?
17 But from the Lord my help was seen,
My soul had silenc'd been.

18 When I, my slipping foot, complain'd,
Thy mercy me sustain'd.
19 When thoughts my griev'd soul excite,
Thy comforts her delight.

20 Wilt thou support the wickeds Throne,
Or joyn it with thine own?
Who, under Laws, and Reasons name,
Their acts of mischief frame.

21 Whose meetings, and whose plots are bent,
The just to circumvent.
Who sit in Counsel, souls to kill,
And guiltless blood to spill,

22 But yet the Lord is my defence,
God is my confidence;
My Rock, my Refuge, and my Tow'r,
To save me by his pow'r.

- 23 He on their heads the hils shall bring
Which from themselves did spring.
And in their sins Gods vengeful hand
Shall cut them from the Land.

Psalm XCV.

- 1 **O** Come, and let us to the Lord,
Our chearful Songs record :
Unto our Rock lift up our voice,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Let us with praise sent up on high
Approach his presence nigh :
With Psalms and Anthems glad express
Our bounden thankfulness.
- 3 He is the God and King, whose hand
The spacious Earth hath spann'd :
4 By him steep Hills and Seas were made ;
5 The dry land by him laid.
- 6 Come, let us worship and adore,
Kneel down the Lord before :
7 For he our God is, we his care,
His sheep, and people are.
- To day if ye his voice will hear,
8 No hard'ned heart bring near :
Like that provoking in the day
You in the Desert lay.
- 9 When your Fore-fathers tempted me,
Who did my wonders see :

10 And forty years you Tribes did pass,
Wherein I grieved was.

I said, my people err in heart,
And wilfully depart:
My ways prescrib'd they have not known,
Nor in my Precepts gone.

11 To whom my just incensed wrath
By oath protested hath.
Those murmurers should ne're be blest,
Or enter to my rest.

Psalm XCVI.

1 **A** New Song to the Lord rehearse,
Sing to him all the Universe.
2 O blest his Name, in Songs display
His saving mercies every day.

His glory, and his wonders tell
3 To Nations who far distant dwell.
4 This great Lord must be greatly prais'd,
Whose fear above all Gods is rais'd.

5 For Heathen Gods are Idols vain:
But 'tis the Lord doth heav'n sustain.
6 Honour, and awe are him before,
His Sanctuary strong in pow'r.

7 Ye Kindreds then on earth that live,
Unto the Lord due honour give.
8 Ascribe all glory to his Name,
And let his Court with Off'rings flame.

- 9 O worship him, your zeal express,
In beauty, and in holiness.
Let all the earth before him fear,
And say, God doth the Scepter bear.
- 10 The world shall be establish'd so,
It shall not from its fast'nings go,
He to the people righteously
His final judgment shall apply.
- 11 Let earth be glad, and heav'n rejoyce;
The roaring Ocean make a noise:
- 12 Be glad ye fruits sprung from the fields,
With all the trees the Forrest yields:
- 13 For lo, to judgment God doth come,
He comes to give the earth its doom;
His just revenge the world pursu'th,
To judge the people with his truth.

Psalm XCII.

- 1 **L**et earth rejoyce that God doth reign,
And Isles within the Main.
- 2 Darkness and Clouds wait him upon;
And Justice is his Throne.
- 3 Devouring fire before him goes,
To burn his circling foes.
- 4 Throughout the world his lightnings blaze,
Which trembling earth amaze.

- 5 Hills at his presence turn'd to fume,
Like melting wax consume :
- 6 The Heav'ns his righteousness proclaim,
And men confess his fame.
- 7 Let quick perdition all confound
To worship Idols bound :
Who boast in Stocks, and from him swerve,
Whom all the Gods must serve.
- 8 *Sion* and *Judah* both rejoyc'd,
To hear thy judgments voic'd ;
- 9 With whose exalted state none dare,
Or men, or Gods compare.
- 10 Who love the Lord, and do his will,
See that ye hate all ill :
He doth from wicked hands protect
The souls of his Elect.
- 11 Unto the godly springs a light,
And joy to the upright.
- 12 Let righteous men their Lord then bless,
And praise his Holiness.

Psalm XCIII.

- 1 **U**Nto the Lord your Songs renew,
Who marvels wrought for you.
His holy Arm, and his right hand
The victory hath gain'd.

- 2 God his Salvation hath made known,
His truth to Heathens shewn;
- 3 His Mercies have remembred been,
Earth his Salvation seen.
- 4 Make to the Lord a joyful noyse;
Earth, in loud Songs rejoyce:
- 5 With Harps unto your Maker sing,
And Psalms tun'd to the string.
- 6 With Trumpets, and the Cornets sound
Let your full joys rebound.
All in your shrillest accents sing
Before the Lord your King.
- 7 Let roaring Seas for gladness swell;
The world with those there dwell:
- 8 Floods clap their hands, the waves combine,
Let Hills in praises joyn.
- 9 For lo, to Judgment God doth come,
To give the Earth its doom.
With Justice he the world will try,
And men with Equity.

Psalm XCIX.

- 1 **T**He Lord doth reign: ye people all
With trembling 'fore him fall.
His Throne 'twixt *Cherubs* he doth make;
Let earth be mov'd and shake.
- 2 The Lord is in his *Sion* great,
Above the world his Seat;

- 3 Let all the Holiness proclaim
Of his most awful Name.
- 4 This King of strength true judgment loves,
And Equity approves.
Thou dost thy righteous judgments fruit
In *Jacob* execute.
- 5 Exalt the Lord, and him adore,
His Foot-stool fall before.
- 6 *Moses*, and *Aaron*, 'mongst his Priests,
On whom his service rests.
- And *Samuel* 'mongst those that came
To supplicate his Name.
These call'd on him, and when they pray'd,
He gracious answer made.
- 7 He from the Pillar of the Cloud
Did speak to them aloud :
Whose testimonies they obey'd,
Nor from his Statutes stray'd.
- 8 Thou answer'd'st them, O Lord our God !
With mercy us'd'st thy Rod :
Their sins thy wrath did not forbear ;
Yet they forgiven were.
- 9 The Lord our God then magnifie ;
Exalt his praise on high :
And worship at his sacred Hill ;
For God is holy still.

Psalm C.

- 1 **M**Ake to the Lord a joyful noise,
All lands to him lift up your voice :
- 2 Serve him with gladness, let your tongue
Approach his presence with a Song.
- 3 Know he is God, by whose hand we,
And not our own, created be :
We are his people, and the sheep
His Folds enclose, his Pastures keep.
- 4 Enter with thanks his dwelling place,
And let his Courts resound with praise :
Your gratitude to him profess ;
His glorious Name for ever bless.
- 5 For he is good, and great his care,
His mercies everlasting are ;
His truth eternally shall last,
When Time, and all Successions wast.

Psalm Cl.

- 1 **I** Mercy will, and Judgment sing,
To thee my Lord and King.
- 2 I wisely will my steps direct
In ways of thine Elect.

O when wilt thou to me come near ?
Thy presence when appear ?
Who in my house with perfect heart
Will ne're from thee depart.

- 3 No wicked thing before mine eyes
Will I behold, or prize.
I hate the work of them, whose pride
From thee doth turn aside.
- 4 A wicked man, and froward heart
Shall from my thoughts depart :
Nor with the sinful, or perverse
My knowledge shall converse.
- 5 I will cut off the man, whose spight
His neighbour doth back-bite.
With him, whose heart or look is high,
I never will comply.
- 6 Upon the faithful of the Land
Mine eyes shall fixed stand.
Who walketh in the perfect way,
Shall in my service stay.
- 7 My house shall never give receipt
To him that works deceit :
Nor shall he tarry in my sight,
Who doth in lies delight.
- 8 All those in wickedness that joy
I early will destroy ;
And from the City of the Lord
Cut all whom he abhor'd.

Psalm CII.

- 1 **H**ear me (O Lord!) and let my cry
To thy bright Throne ascend on high.
- 2 Hide not thy face in time of need,
But answer my request with speed.
- 3 For all my daies away consume
Like to the smoak, or rising fume.
My bones like fired brands became,
Burnt up and scorch'd in sorrows flame.
- 4 My heart like grafs is withered,
And I forget to eat my bread.
- 5 I wafte and pine in daily groans,
That scarce my flesh cleaves to my bones.
- 6 Like Pelicans remov'd from sight,
Or Owls in Defarts shunning light:
- 7 As Sparrows their lost Mates bemoan, }
So do I watch, and sit alone.
- 8 I with reproach all day am torn
Of enemies against me sworn.
- 9 I ashes eat instead of bread,
And drink the tears my sorrows shed.
- 10 Which mischiefs from thy wrath are grown
Since thou who rais'd, hast cast me down.
- 11 Thus like the dark declining shade,
Or dying flow'r, I hourly fade.
- 12 Yet thou (O Lord) dost still endure,
From times successive change secure.
- 13 Thou therefore shalt in mercy rise,
And *Sion* help, which ruin'd lies:

- The time is come for her repair,
 14 Whose stones and rubbish prized are,
 Thy servants pity her neglect,
 And on her dust with sighs reflect.
- 15 So shall the Heathen fear thy Name,
 And Kings thy Majesty proclaim.
 16 When God shall *Sions* buildings rear,
 And in his glory shall appear :
 17 He will regard the poor mans suit,
 And not despise the destitute.
 18 This shall be written for record,
 That after-times may praise the Lord.

Second Part.

- 19 The Lord from high his beams displaid ;
 And, out of Heaven, earth survey'd ;
 20 The Captives fetters to unty,
 And Pris'ners save condemn'd to die.
 21 That so in *Sions* blessed hill,
 And *Salem* which his wonders fill,
 22 They may his Name, and praise declare,
 When all the people gather'd are.
- 23 He hath my strength to weakness brought,
 My short'ned daies are come to nought :
 24 So that to God I thus did pray ;
 O take me not as yet away :
 Nor cast me off from this lifes Stage,
 In prime of youth, and midst of age.
 For though my daies be few, and frail,
 Thy years, O God, will never fail.

25 Thou (Lord) hast Earths foundation laid,
 And by thy hand the heav'ns were made :
 They all shall perish, and decay,
 And in their time consume away.
 Like to a garment, when grown old,
 They shall nor use, nor motion hold.
 But though the world, and they must fall,
 Thy Being is perpetual.

27 Yea as a vesture worn and chang'd,
 Is from its gloss and form estrang'd :
 So shalt thou change this massy frame ;
 Yet still thy self abide the same :
 28 And like thy self from changes freed,
 Thou wilt prolong thy servants seed ;
 Whose children shall remain with thee,
 And in thy sight establish'd be.

Psalm CIII.

1 **M**Y Soul thy best devotion raise
 To bleſs the Lord, and ſing his praiſe.
 2 O never unremembred be
 The benefits he powr'd on thee :
 3 Whoſe pardon doth all ſins releaſe,
 And keep thy body from diſeaſe :
 4 Who thee redeem'd, to death caſt down,
 And doth thy life with mercies crown.
 5 Who with good things ſhall fill thy mouth,
 And Eagle-like renew thy youth.
 6 He by right judgment hath redreſt
 All ſuch as are by wrong oppreſt.

- 7 His ways have known to *Moses* been ;
The *Israelites* his works have seen.
- 8 All which his will, and nature shew,
To mercy swift, to vengeance flow.
- 9 He will not always with us chide ;
Nor let his anger long abide :
- 10 Nor deals according to our sin,
Nor have our crimes rewarded bin.
- 11 For high as Heav'n is earth above,
So large, so boundless is his love ;
- 12 Removing all our sins as far,
As East and West divided are.
- 13 Yea like a Father's to his Son,
To us is his compassion.
- 14 He knows our frame too weak to trust,
Remembring that we are but dust.
- 15 The daies of man, like to the grass,
Or fading flow'r, to nothing pass.
- 16 Which blown and shaken by the wind,
Leave neither place, nor print behind.
- 17 His goodness though, confirm'd, and sure ;
To childrens children doth endure.
- 18 Ev'n unto such, whose clear intents
Walk after his Commandments.
- 19 The Lord in heav'n prepares his Throne,
And governs all the world alone.
O therefore bless that pow'rful Lord,
Who made, and rules us by his word.

- 20 Ye Angels that in strength excel,
And never 'gainst his Word rebel :
21 Ye winged Ministers, who still
Prepared are to act his will :
Ye heav'nly Hosts, and creatures all,
22 Bless him, and at his foot-stool fall.
Lastly, my soul thy Maker praise,
And bless his goodness all thy daies.

Psalm CIV.

- 1 **M**Y Soul the Lord for ever bless :
O God ! thy greatness all confess ;
Whom Majesty and honour vest,
2 In robes of Light eternal drest.

He Heaven makes his Canopy ;
3 His Chambers in the waters lye :
His Chariot is the Cloudy storm,
And on the wings of wind is born.

4 He Spirits makes his Angels Quire ;
His Ministers a flaming fire.
5 He so did Earths foundations cast,
It might remain for ever fast :

6 Then cloath'd it with the spacious deep,
Whose wave out-swells the Mountains steep
7 At thy rebuke the waters fled.
And hid their thunder-frighted head,

8 They from the Mountains streaming flow,
And down into the Vallies go :

Then to their liquid center hast,
Where their collected floods are cast.

- 9 These in the Ocean met, and joyn'd,
Thou hast within a bank confin'd :
Not suff'ring them to pass their bound,
Least earth by their excess be drown'd.
- 10 He from the Hills his Christal springs
Down running to the Vallies brings :
- 11 Which drink supply, and coolness yield,
To thirsting beasts throughout the field.
- 12 By them the Fowls of Heaven rest,
And singing in their branches nest.
- 13 He waters from his Clouds the Hills ;
The teeming earth with plenty fills.
- 14 He grafs for Cattle doth produce,
And every Herb for humane use :
That so he may his creatures feed,
And from the earth supply their need.
- 15 He makes the clusters of the Vine,
To glad the sons of men with wine.
He oyl to chear the face imparts,
And bread, the strength'ner of their hearts.

Second Part.

- 16 The trees, which God for fruit decreed,
Nor sap, nor moistning virtue need.
The lofty Cedars by his hand
In Lebanon implanted stand.

- 17 Unto the birds these shelter yield,
 And Storks upon the fir-trees build :
 18 Wild Goats the hills defend, and feed,
 And in the Rocks the Conies breed.

 19 He made the changing Moon appear,
 To note the seasons of the year.
 The Sun from him his strength doth get,
 And knows the measure of his Set.

 20 Thou mak'st the darkness of the night,
 When beasts creep forth that shun'd the light
 21 Young Lyons, roaring after prey,
 From God their hunger must allay.

 22 When the bright Sun casts forth his ray,
 Down in their Dens themselves they lay.
 23 Mans labour, with the morn begun,
 Continues till the day be done.

 24 O Lord ! what wonders hast thou made,
 In providence and wisdom laid ?
 The earth is with thy riches crown'd,
 25 And Seas, where creatures most abound.

 26 There go the Ships which swiftly fly,
 There great *Leviathan* doth lye,
 Who takes his pastime in the flood :
 27 All these do wait on thee for food.

 28 Thy bounty is on them distill'd,
 Who are by thee with goodness fill'd.
 29 But when thou hid'st thy face, they die,
 And to their dust returned lie.

- 30 Thy Spirit all with life endues,
The springing face of earth renews.
31 Gods glory ever shall endure,
Pleas'd in his works, from change secure.
32 Upon the earth he looketh down,
Which shrinks and trembles at his frown :
His lightnings touch, or thunders stroak,
Will make the proudest Mountains smoak.
33 To him my Ditties, whilst I live,
Or being have, shall praises give :
34 My meditations will be sweet,
When fixt on him my comforts meet.
35 Upon the earth let sinners rot,
In place, and memory forgot.
But thou, my soul, thy Maker blest ;
Let all the world his praise express.

Psalm CV.

- 1 O Thank the Lord, invoke his Name,
His deeds to all proclaim.
2 With Psalms his praises celebrate,
His wond'rous works relate.
3 Glory in him ye whose desires,
And heart for God enquires.
4 Seek ye the Lords all pow'rful might,
His faces glorious light.

- 5 The works of wonder he hath done,
 And Judgments think upon :
 6 Ye who from faithful *Abraham*,
 And chosen *Jacob* came.
 7 He is the Lord, whose judgments shown
 Through all the earth are known :
 8 He Cov'nant keeps in word and deed,
 To thousands that succeed.
 9 To *Abraham*, and *Isaac* both
 He promis'd with an oath ;
 10 And for a Law his sacred pact
 To *Jacob* did enact :
 11 In which he vow'd, that *Israel*
 In *Canaan's* Land should dwell ;
 12 When they in number weak, and few,
 Nor place, nor people knew.
 13 When they much time in travels spent,
 Through divers Nations went ;
 14 All those that wrong'd them he remov'd,
 And Kings for them reprov'd.
 15 To whom he said (by his command
 That none should them withstand ;)
 'Gainst mine Anointed lift no arm,
 Nor do my Prophets harm.
 16 A famine through the Land he spread,
 Which brake their staff of bread.
 17 Yet he by *Joseph* had decreed
 He would his people feed :

- 18 Whose feet, when into bondage sold,
They did in fetters hold ;
19 Till God ordained his release,
And gave his tryal ease.
20 The King sent, from Captivity
To loose, and set him free.
21 He made him all his house command,
Chief Ruler of the Land.
22 Yea he such Sov'raign pow'r resign'd,
He might his Princes bind :
And tutor'd by his Counsels wise,
His Senators advise.

Second Part.

- 23 Then *Jacob* into *Egypt* came,
A Sojourner in *Ham*.
24 Where his encreased people grows
Much stronger then their foes :
25 Whose heart he turn'd their name to hate,
And use them with deceit :
26 Till *Moses* for their succour sent,
With chosen *Aaron* went,
27 They most prodigious wonders shew'd,
And signs in *Hams* abroad :
28 Where darkness, blacker then their nights,
In midst of noon affrights :

- The fogs, and vapours him obey,
By putting out the day.
29 Fish in their waters turn'd to blood
Were smother'd in the Flood.
- 30 Now Egypt frogs abundant brings
In Chambers of their Kings.
31 He spake, and swarms of Flies arise;
Their Coasts are fill'd with Lice.
- 32 For rain, he hail and tempest powres,
And flames of fire for showres.
33 With storm their Vines and Fig-trees shock,
Through all their Land were broke.
- 34 Locusts, and Caterpillers bred,
Not to be numbered.
35 All herbs and fruits that could be found
Devoured on the ground.
- 36 Their first-born he through Egypt slew,
Their chiefest strength o'rethrew.
37 But brought his people forth with wealth,
Not one decay'd in health.
- 38 Egypt was glad and quit of fear,
When they departed were.
39 Whose guide by day the Cloud became,
And in the night a flame.
- 40 On Quails his longing people fed,
From Heav'n he gave them bread.
41 He from the Rock made waters flow,
Springs in dry places grow.

- 42 To *Abraham* his promise made
He in remembrance had :
43 He brought with joy his people thence,
Secur'd by his defence.
44 And gave them for their lot a soil
Enrich'd by others toil :
45 That in his Statutes they might live.
To him all praises give.

Psalm CVI.

- 1 O Praise and thank our gracious God,
Whose mercy knows no period.
2 Who can his mighty acts declare ?
Or shew how due his praises are ?
3 They blessed are who judge aright,
And always in the truth delight.
4 Lord think on me with thine Elect :
Let thy salvation me protect.
5 Me to thy Chosen's joys advance,
The blis of thine inheritance.
6 Our sins with sorrow we confess,
Who, like our Fathers, still transgress.
7 Thy works in *Egypt* they forgot,
Thy mercies there remembred not :
But at the Sea did him provoke,
8 Who yet their safety not forsook,
9 The Red Sea he rebuk'd, and dry'd,
Whose waters wall'd them on each side.

And

And through its depths uncovered,
As safe, as through the Desert led.

- 10 Sav'd them from foes that did pursue ;
11 All which the waters overthrew.
12 Then they believ'd, and praises gave ;
13 Though soon forgot, who them did save.
- 14 They lusted in the Wilderness,
And God by their temptations press ;
15 Who was to their request attent ;
Into their souls though leanness sent.
- 15 They *Moses* in the Camp envi'd,
And *Aarons* Office vilifi'd.
17 For which earth open'd to devour
Abiram's Troops, and *Dathan's* Pow'r.
- 18 Then kindled was a furious fire,
Which burnt up those that did conspire.
19 Their hands a Calf in *Horeb* made,
And to the Molten Image pray'd.
- 20 His glory thus who them releast
Was now converted to a Beast.
21 And *Egypt's* wonders, the Red Sea,
22 Or Land of *Ham*, forgotten be.
- 23 Then God, he would destroy them, said ;
Till *Moses* intercession made :
Who in the deadly breach did stand,
To turn away his vengeful hand.

- 34 His promis'd Land they now despise,
35 And murmures in their Tents arise :
36 That in the Defart he decreed,
37 To scatter them, and all their seed.

Second Part.

- 38 To Baal Peor joyn'd, they fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
39 Still their inventions him provoke ;
For which the Plague upon them broke,
40 Then Phinebas aveng'd th' offence,
And staid the Mortal Pestilence :
41 Which all Successions held a Seal
Of righteousness, and holy zeal.
42 Then at the waters where they strove,
They did again his anger move :
Where it so ill with Moses went,
He suffer'd in their punishment.
43 Because his spirit, meek and mild,
Provoked was, whilst they revil'd :
And discontented for their sake,
Some unadvised language spake.
44 The sinful Nations of the Land
They not destroy'd at Gods Command :
45 But learn'd their rites, with Heathens mixt ;
46 Ensnar'd, while on their Idols fixt.

- 47 As gifts to Devils offered,
Their sons and daughters blood they shed :
38 Whose guiltless lives to Idols slain
Did all the Land of *Canaan* stain.
- 39 Thus they defil'd a whoring went,
In impious works themselves invent.
40 Therefore the Lords enkindled rage
Abhorred his own Heritage.
- 41 He gave them up to Heathen pow'rs ;
Their haters made their Conquerours :
42 Opprest they were, by foes subdu'd ;
43 Yet sav'd, as oft their sins renew'd.
- 44 But hearing their afflicted cry,
He pitt'y'd their calamity.
45 He most compassionate, and kind,
His Covenant recall'd to mind ;
- And in his mercy did repent
The sharpness of their punishment.
46 He made ev'n those with pity look,
Who them before had Captives took.
- 47 Save us, O Lord our God ! protect,
And from the Heathen us collect :
To thank thy Name through all our daies,
And triumph in thy mercies praise.
- 48 O let the God of *Israel*
Be blest, whose benefits excel.
To him be praises endless paid,
And let *Amen* by all be said,

Psalm CVII.

- 1 **O** Thank the goodness of our God,
Whose mercy knows no period.
- 2 Let *Israel* confess, his hands
- 3 Have gather'd them from forreign Lands :
From North, and South, and East, and West,
- 4 Where they no City had to rest.
But in the wilderness disperst,
- 5 With hunger pin'd, and faint with thirst.
- 6 Then they their cries to God address,
Who them deliver'd from distress.
- 7 He them directed in his way,
To find a City for their stay.
- 8 O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great goodness doth afford :
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the sons of men.
- 9 The longing soul he satiates still,
The hungry doth with goodness fill,
- 10 Who sit in darkness, and Death's shade,
In iron and affliction laid.
- 11 Because 'gainst God they did rebel,
And from his words and counsel fell.
- 12 Therefore their heart by labours broke
Found none to ease them from their yoke.
- 13 Then they their cries to God address,
Who them deliver'd from distress :
- 14 He them from death and darkness brought,
And freedom from their bondage wrought.

15 O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great goodness doth afford ;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the sons of men.

16 For he the gates of brass hath broke,
The iron bars in sunder strook.

17 The foolish for their acted sin
Have by his hand afflicted bin.

18 So that their soul in sickness cast,
Abhorring meat, could nothing tast.

19 Then they their cries to God address ;
Who them deliver'd from distress,

20 His Word he sent them, which reveal'd,
Their sorrows and dejections heal'd.

21 O then that men would praise the Lord,
Who such great mercies doth afford ;
Recording both by tongue and pen
His wonders to the Sons of men.

22 And let their Songs of gladness rise,
To pay their thankful Sacrifice.

Second Part.

23 They that in Ships their traffick keep,

24 Behold Gods wonders in the deep.

25 For he commands the storm to blow,

26 Whole billows them to heaven throw :

Then down they fall, as if their graves
Were made beneath the gaping waves.

27 They stagger to and fro, and reel,
And like a Drunkard rows the Keel.

28 Then they their cries to God address,
 Who them delivers from distress :
 29 He calms the storm, whose rage gives o're ;
 30 And lands them on the wished shore.
 31 O then that men would praise the Lord,
 Who such great goodness doth afford ;
 Recording both by tongue and pen
 His wonders to the Sons of men.

32 In great Assemblies blefs his Name,
 And 'mongst the Elders speak his fame :
 33 Who Rivers like a Desert dries ;
 Makes parched sands, where springs did rise.
 34 He barren makes a fruitful ground,
 For sins which in the Land abound.
 34 Then to a Pool the Desert brings,
 And turns dry grounds to Water-springs.

36 There he the hungry souls hath fill'd,
 That they may live, and Cities build :
 37 To plant the Vine, and sow the field,
 Which may her fruits with plenty yield.
 38 He multiplies, and gives them peace,
 Their Flocks not suffering to decrease.
 39 Again they few, when sinful, grow ;
 His punishments then brought them low.

40 He mighty Princes put to scorn,
 Makes them like wanderers forlorn.
 41 Yet setteth he the poor on high,
 And spreads like Flocks his Family.
 42 The righteous will rejoyce to see,
 When Envies mouth shall stopped be.

- 43 Who is so wise, will hence record
The loving kindness of the Lord.

Psalm CVIII.

- 1 O God my heart is fix'd, and bent,
Prepared my intent.
I will thy might in songs of praise,
And glorious ditties raise.
- 2 Wake Psaltery, and Harp awake,
The morning I will take;
- 3 That through the world my early verse
Thy praises may disperse.
- 4 Thy mercy 'bove the Heaven extends,
Thy truth the Clouds transcends.
- 5 Be thou exalted 'bove the Skies,
'Bove earth in glory rise.
- 6 That thy Beloved still may be
From all invasion free:
Thy right hand in their safety rear,
And their Petitions hear.
- 7 God by his truth did oft profess,
He would his servants bless.
I will divide fair *Shechems* soil,
And *Succoths* valley spoil.
- 8 *Manasseh*, *Gilead*, both are mine,
In war shall *Ephraim* shine:
But *Judah's* Scepter all must aw,
And give my people Law.

- 9 *Moab* shall be a dunghill grown,
Proud *Edom* overthrown.
Philistia's boasted Triumphs shall
Be buried in her fall.
- 10 Who me will to the City lead,
Fierce *Edom's* strength and head?
That I may break her fenced gate,
And trample on her state?
- 11 O thou my God, who cast'st us off,
And mad'st our force their scoff!
Wilt not thou with our Armies go,
To quell th' insulting foe?
- 12 From trouble save us once again;
For help of man is vain.
Through God we shall in battel rise,
And foil our enemies.

Psalm CIX.

- 1 G Od of my praise! nor silent be,
Nor unattentive unto me.
2 For wicked mouths me falsely wrong,
And wound me with their lying tongue.
3 They compass me with words of hate,
And causeless vex me with debate.
4 For all my friendship they are foes;
But I my grief in pray'r disclose.

- 5 My good with evil they requite,
 And my affection pay with spight.
 6 Let wicked Rulers him command,
 And *Satan* stand at his right hand.
 7 Let him, when judg'd, receive his doom,
 And let his pray'r, his sin become.
 8 His daies both few, and irksome make,
 His office let another take.
 9 May Fatherless his children live,
 His Wife forlorn, a widow grieve :
 10 Like Vagrants let them want their bread;
 And, where they beg it, not be fed.
 11 Let him be made Extortions spoil,
 And strangers reap his harvests toil.
 12 None him their pitties object make,
 Nor on his feed compassion take.
 13 His name from earth, and Off-spring blot,
 In the succeeding Age forgot.
 14 And ever let the Lord retain
 His Fathers sin, and Mothers stain.
 15 Still let them stand before his eye,
 To cut from earth his memory :
 16 Who mercilefs the poor pursu'd,
 And wounds of broken hearts renew'd.
 17 Feel he those curses which he lov'd ;
 All blessings be from him remov'd.
 18 As curses cloath'd him round about,
 So seize they him, within, without ;
 Like water through his bowels flow'd,
 Or oyl into his bones bestow'd :

- 19 So let them cloath, and gird him fast,
Returning on himself at last.
- 20 Thus let the Lord reward my foes,
Who to reproach my soul expose.
- 21 But for the mercies of thy Name,
Deliver me (O Lord) from shame.
- 22 For I am poor, and prest with need ;
My wounded heart doth inward bleed.
- 23 I like the falling shadow go ;
As puffs of wind the Locusts throw.
- 24 My feeble knee through fasting fails,
And faintness o're my flesh prevails :
- 25 I am their scorn and laughter bred,
They looking on me shake their head.
- 26 Help me (O Lord !) who mercy crave ;
27 That they may know, thy hand can save.
- 28 Bless when they curse, their pride confound ;
But let me live with gladness crown'd.
- 29 Lord ! let my shamed enemy
In sharp confusion cloathed lye.
- 30 So shall thy praises with my tongue
Be in the full Assembly sung.
- 31 For God will at the poors right hand,
By his protection, ready stand ;
To save his Innocence from them,
Who wrongfully his soul condemn.

Psalm CX.

- 1 **T**He Lord, whose pow'r all things doth sway
Unto my Lord did say :
Sit at my right hand, till thou see,
Thy foes thy foot-stool be.
- 2 The Lord thy Scepter shall extend,
And strength from *Sion* send ;
That all thine enemies below
May to thy Kingdom bow.
- 3 The people in great numbers shall
That day before thee fall ;
Whose glorious birth, and youthful hue
Is as the morning dew.
- 4 The Lord hath sworn, who not repents
His long decreed intents :
Thou dost from great *Melchisedeck*
Thy Royal Priesthood take.
- 5 God at thy right hand Kings shall wound,
And Nations strong confound :
- 6 Whose Countries shall be overspread
With Bodies of their dead.
- 7 He of the River in the way
Shall drink, his thirst to stay :
And his victorious head advance
In our deliverance.

Psalm CXI.

th sway

1 Praise God with heart and tongue,
The Quire of Saints among,
His praises shall be sung.
2 The works of God are great ;
All those will them repeat,
Whose thoughts on him are set.

3 His actions glorious are,
Renown'd and honour'd far ;
Nor can his truth impair :
4 His wonders fill our thought,
Who hath compassion wrought ;
And pity shews, when fought.

5 He hath his servants fed,
Giv'n those, that fear him, bread,
His Cov'nant stablished :
6 His pow'r to them exprest,
And made his people rest,
Where Heathen late possess.

ad,

7 What ever wrought his hands,
In truth and judgment stands,
And sure are his Commands :
8 They all for ever last,
By his Decree kept fast,
Till fleeting time is past.

Psalm

9 He did his people save,
Whom Tyrants did enslave ;
His Sacred Cov'nant gave.

N 3

Renowned

Renowned is his fame,
And reverend his Name,
Which all the world proclaim.

- 10 Gods fear true wisdom brings;
The knowledge of good things
From that beginning springs.
They understand aright,
Who makes his Laws their light,
And still his praise recite.

Psalm CXII.

- 1 **B**lest is the man that fears the Lord,
Delighting in his Word:
2 His seed on earth shall mighty be,
Blest his posterity.
3 His house with riches shall abound,
His life with plenty crown'd.
His righteous dealing, clear as sure,
Forever shall endure.
4 In shades of darkness to th' upright
There riseth up a light.
He gracious is, and free from hate,
His heart compassionate.
5 A good man mercy shews, and lends;
Nor in his words offends:
6 He shall not move, but placed be
In lasting memory.

7 He, of ill tidings not afraid,
Hath God his refuge made :
Thus fix'd, his heart shall never fail,
8 But 'gainst his foes prevail.

9 With liberal hand unto the poor
He hath disperst his store.
His righteousness shall still remain,
And lasting honour gain.

10 The wicked man, when this he seeth,
For spight shall gnash his teeth :
And, melted in his envies fire,
Perish in his desire.

Psalm CXIII.

1 **T**He Lord O ye his servants praise,
To his great Name your ditties raise,
2 Which blest and sacred be always :
3 Ev'n from the rising of the Sun,
Till to the West his course be run,
His Name is to be prais'd alone.
4 The Lord above all Nations high,
Is seated in great Majesty.
And in the Heav'ns his glories lye.
5 What pow'r created parallels
The Lord our God who thus excels,
And far above the Heaven dwells ?

6 Who humbling down himself doth bow,
Not only things in heaven to know,
But what is done in earth below.

- 7 To him that did in dust deplore,
He joyful comforts doth restore,
And from the dunghill lifts the poor :
8 That set with Princes of the earth,
And persons of a Royal Birth,
His sorrows may be chang'd to mirth.
9 The barren woman, when implor'd,
His bounty hath with children stor'd :
O therefore praise this gracious Lord.

Psalm CXIV.

- 1 **W**hen *Israel* from *Egypt* went
Free from his banishment,
And *Jacob* came from that strange Land,
Conducted by Gods hand,
2 The House of *Judah*, which did pass,
His Sanctuary was :
And *Israel* the chosen Throne
Of his Dominion.
3 The Sea saw that, and did disperse,
Jordan his course reverse.
4 The Mountains skip'd like sporting rams,
The little hills like Lambs,
5 What ail'd thy waters, O thou Sea,
That they so fled from thee ?
Jordan, what did thy current lack,
That thou wast driven back ?
What Miracle did then prevail,
That both your streams should fail ?

Psalm CXV.

185

6 You Mountains, that ye skip'd like rams;
Ye little hills like Lambs?

7 Tremble thou earth, when *Jacob's* God
Commands thee with his Rod :

8 Who from the Rock did waters bring,
And made the flint a spring.

Psalm CXV.

1 **N**Ot unto us (O Lord!) but thee,
Thy Name, thy Truth, the glory be.
2 Why should the Heathen thee despise,
Whilst, Where is now their God? they cry?

3 Our God in heaven doth remain,
And acts what e're he did ordain.
4 Their Idols silver are, and gold;
The work which hands of men did mould.

5 Mouths have they, yet they speechless be;
And they have eyes, but cannot see:
6 Their ears possess, which nothing hear;
And noses, not for smelling, bear.

7 Their hands not touch, their feet not walk;
Nor through their throat rebounds their talk.
8 Who make them are as vain as they;
And so are all that to them pray.

9,10 O *Israel!* O *Aaron's* line!
11 O ye that in his fear combine!
Trust ye in God, who is your Shield;
Protection he, and help doth yield.

- 12 He, mindful still of our redress,
Will *Israel*, and *Aaron* bless.
13 Who fear him, small or great, are blest,
14 And in their Race shall be encreast.
15 You are the blessed of the Lord,
Who Heaven fram'd, and earth hath stor'd:
16 He in the Heav'n of Heavens lives,
But earth unto mans children gives.
17 The dead thy praises cannot shew,
Nor those who down to silence go:
18 But we the Lord through all our daies
Will bless. The Lord for ever praise.

Psalm CXVI.

- 1 I Love the Lord, and am well pleas'd,
He hath me heard, and eas'd.
2 Whilst therefore life continue shall,
I will upon him call.
3 The snares of death about me dwelt,
And pains of Hell I felt.
Disturbed thoughts, and heaviness
My conscience did oppress.
4 Then to the Lord my plaint I made,
And thus unto him said:
O Lord! my soul from falling save,
And lift me from the grave.
5 The Lord is gracious, and just,
To those his mercy trust:

- 6 His hand the simple doth protect,
When crosses them deject.
- 7 Turn then my soul unto thy rest ;
Gods favours have thee blest.
He bountifully doth reward,
And thee from dangers guard.
- 8 Thou keep'st my soul from deaths pale fears,
My drooping eyes from tears,
And did'st my wand'ring steps recall,
When I was apt to fall.
- 9 My feet before the Lord shall stand
In his eternal Land.
- 10 I therefore pray'd, and thus believ'd ;
Yet still my heart was griev'd.
- For in my foes success I fail'd,
Till Faith at last prevail'd :
- 11 Then I all men for Lyars knew,
And God alone for true.
- 12 What retribution shall I give
To him by whom I live ?
Or what acknowledgment apply,
For his benignity ?
- 13 Salvations Sacred Cup I'll take,
And humble prayers make.
- 14 Before his people shall be paid
The vows which I have made.

- 15 For those that live like Saints upright,
And in the Lord delight,
Are living dear unto his eye,
And precious when they die.
- 16 Lord I thy faithful servant am,
And still adore thy Name.
Thou loosed hast my heavy yoke,
My bonds in sunder broke.
- 17 Therefore my praises unto thee
Shall daily offer'd be :
My gratitude and pray'r shall rise,
Like thankful Sacrifice.
- 18 The vows shall be, which I have made,
Before the people paid ;
- 19 Who in thy House, and sacred Courts
To praise thy Name resorts.

Psalm CXVII.

- 1 **O** All ye Nations record,
The praises of the Lord :
Ye people through the Universe,
Your Makers praise rehearse.
- 2 For he to us great kindness shews,
And mercies large bestows.
His constant Truth no time decays ;
The Lord for ever praise.

Psalm CXVIII.

- 1 **O** Thank the goodness of our God,
Whose mercy knows no period.
- 2 Let *Israel* their voices joyn ;
- 3 Let those who come from *Abrahams* loyn,
- 4 Let all who fear the Lord confesse
His mercies everlastingness.
- 5 I call'd upon him, when distressed ;
Who me enlarged, and releast.
- 6 The Lord himself is on my side ;
I fearless mans attempts abide,
- 7 He takes their part who succour me :
I shall my haters ruin'd see.
- 8 'Tis better in the Lord to trust,
Then lean on man, who is but dust :
- 9 Better relye on his defence,
Then put in Princes confidence.
- 10 All Nations me encompass'd round ;
But his great Name shall them confound :
- 11 They closely set against me came,
But I destroy'd them in his Name.
- 12 Like Bees they thick about me swarm'd,
Yet through his Name I was unharm'd :
As kindled Thorns, which blazing die,
They quenched in their ashes lie.

13 Though

- 13 Though pressing foes my fall assay'd,
The Lord himself became my aid :
14 God is my health, my strength, my song :
15 Loud joys the righteous are among.
- 16 For Gods right hand's lift up on high,
His right hand acts most valiantly.
17 I shall not die, but live to praise,
And speak his wonders all my daies.
- 18 Although the Lord me chaff'ned sore,
He unto death not gave me o're.
19 Open his sacred Gates, that I
With praise the Lord may glorifie.
- 20 This is the Gate, through which the Just
And righteous persons enter must.
21 Thee will I thank, who heard'st my voice,
And mak'st me in thy help rejoyce.
- 22 That stone the builders from them laid,
The Head is of the Corner made.
23 This is Gods act ; which in our eyes
Religious wonder multiplies :
- 24 This is the day the Lord hath made,
We will rejoyce, in it be glad.
25 Save now, and prosper we entreat,
O Lord ! who art as good, as great.
- 26 He blessed be, comes in his Name ;
We blessings from Gods house proclaim.
27 God is the Lord, whose light hath shin'd ;
Pure Off'rings to his Altar bind.

28 Thou art my God, I thee will praise,
And in my Song thine honour raise.
O thank the goodness of our God,
Whose mercy knows no period.

Psalm CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 **B**lessed are they, who undefil'd,
Nor in their ways beguil'd,
2 Gods Laws obey, his Statutes keep,
And with their whole heart seek.
3 No wicked act seduc'd them hath,
Or turn'd them from his path.
4 For thou command'st, that from thy Law
We never should withdraw.

5 O that my ways were so upright,
I keep thy Statutes might :
6 Thou wilt not me with shame reject,
Who thy Commands respect.
7 My heart to praise thee will delight,
When taught thy judgments right :
8 Thy Statutes I my rule will make ;
O never me forsake.

BETH.

9 How shall a young man cleanse his way ?
Ne're from thy Word to stray.
10 My heart doth seek, and thee prefer ;
Let not my going err.
11 Thy Word I hid my heart within,
To keep me free from sin.
12 Blessed art thou, O gracious Lord ;
Teach me to do thy Word.

13 My

- 13 My lips desist not to declare,
How just thy judgments are:
14 Thy Testimonies make me glad,
Above all riches had.
15 I will thy Precepts meditate,
And to thy ways relate.
16 Thy Statutes are my chief delight,
Kept in my mind, and sight.

GIMEL.

- 17 Deal well with me, that whilst I live,
I may observance give.
18 Discover to my opened eyes
Thy Laws high mysteries.
19 A stranger I on earth abide;
Thy Precepts do not hide.
20 My fainting soul, with longing tir'd,
Thy judgments hath desir'd.
21 With curses thou the proud hast strook,
Who thy Commands forsook.
22 Reproach, and scorn from me remove;
For I thy Precepts love.
23 Princes did sit, and 'gainst me speak,
But I thy Statutes seek.
24 Thy Word my only joy I make,
And from it counsel take.

DALETH.

- 25 My soul unto the dust doth cleave;
Yet me in death not leave.
26 I to thine ear my ways reveal,
Thy Statutes not conceal.
27 Inform me in thy Precepts well,
That I thy works may tell,

28 My melting soul with grief doth wast;
O quicken me at last.

29 Remove from me the way of lies,
That I thy Law may prize.

30 The ways of truth my Soul doth choose;
Thy Judgments I propose.

31 Thy Testimonies are my aim;
Lord put me not to shame:

32 Who from thy Law will ne're depart,
When thou inform'st my heart.

HE.

33 Teach me thy Statutes to intend,
And keep them to the end.

34 Inform'd, I shall thy Laws each part
Observe with my whole heart:

35 Guide me in thy Commands aright,
For therein I delight.

36 My heart unto thy Laws divine,
Not avarice, incline.

37 Quicken thou me, and turn mine eye
From seeing vanity.

38 Thy Word establish in my ear,
Devoted to thy fear,

39 Remove my fear'd reproaches far,
For good thy Judgments are:

40 And me, thy Precepts who desire,
With quick'ning grace inspire.

VAU.

41 Thy saving mercies grant me Lord,
According to thy word.

42 So shall I answer scorns unjust,
Because in thee I trust.

28 My

O

43 Thy

43 Thy truth from out my mouth ne're take,
Who it my comfort make.

44 So I thy Law, and holy Will,
For ever shall fulfill.

45 Enlarg'd I walk at liberty,
Thy Precepts do descry :

46 Which, daunted nor with fear, nor shame,
I will to Kings proclaim.

47 On thy Commands my love I place,
And joyfully imbrace :

48 With lifted hands, and heart, prostrate
On these I meditate.

ZAIN.

49 Remember Lord ! Thy promise made,
Wherein my hope is laid :

50 This quickens me, though dead with grief,
In trouble gives relief.

51 Thy Law, though proud men me deride,
I never have deny'd :

52 Thy judgments old I call'd to mind,
And present comfort find.

53 Herrou and trembling me surprife,
When sinners thee despise.

54 I sing thy Statutes all my Age,
In lites short pilgrimage.

55 Thy name at night comes to my thought,
Who have thy Precepts sought.

56 This comfort I performed saw,
Because I kept thy Law.

CHETH.

57 Thou art my Lot, I said, (O Lord !)
That I would keep thy word.

- 58 With my whole heart I favour crave;
Let me thy mercy have.
59 My ways I mark'd, and turn'd my feet,
Within thy Rules to meet.
60 To keep thy Statutes hast I made,
With duty, nor delay'd.
61 By wicked bands though robb'd, and spoil'd,
I ne're from thee recoil'd.
62 At midnight I my self will raise,
To sing thy judgments praise.
63 I am their friend, and hold them dear,
Who thee obey, and fear.
64 Through earth (O Lord) thy mercies reach,
Me in thy Statutes teach.

TETH.

- 65 Thou hast dealt well with me, O Lord!
According to thy word.
66 Good judgment and true knowledge give,
For I thy Laws believe.
67 Before I troubled was, I stray'd;
But now thy Word obey'd:
68 All good doth from thy bounty flow;
Let me thy Statutes know.
69 The proud by lies would me supplant,
Who keep thy Covenant:
70 Their heart is swoln with fat, and ease;
But me thy Statutes please.
71 'Tis good, that by affliction taught,
To know thee I am brought;
72 Whose Law I in more value hold
Then thousand heaps of Gold.

IOD.

- 73 I have been fashion'd by thy hand ;
Teach me to understand :
74 Who fear thee shall be glad to see
My settled hope in thee.
75 I know thy judgments (Lord) are true ;
And my affliction due.
76 Yet let thy comfort, I thee pray,
Thy servants grief allay.

- 77 In tender mercy me forgive,
That I with thee may live.
78 Shame them, whose pride without a cause,
Hates me, who love thy Laws.
79 Let those conjoyn'd to me be near ;
Thy truth who know, and fear ,
80 My heart keep in thy Statutes sound,
That me no shame confound.

CA · H

- 81 My soul, for thy salvation faint,
Trusts on thy gracious grant.
82 Mine eyes with expectation fail ;
When shall my hopes prevail ?
83 Though like a bottle in the smoak,
Yet thee I not forsook.
84 Shall my short daies of life have end,
'Ere thou thy judgment send ?
85 The proud for me against all right
Have digged pits in spight.
86 As thou art faithful, send redress,
'Gainst them who me oppress.
87 Tney me on earth almost consum'd ;
But I on thee presum'd.

88 O quicken me, as thou art kind,
So I thy word shall mind.

LAMED.

89 Thy promise (Lord) doth ever last,
In heaven settled fast :

90 Thy faith, through all Successions try'd,
Doth fixt as earth abide :

91 Thou for thy service did'st ordain,
That all things should remain.

92 But that thy Law was my relief,
I perisht had through grief.

93 Thy Precepts in my thought shall live,
For they my soul revive.

94 Save me (O Lord!) for I am thine,
And to thy Law incline.

95 Though wicked men would me destroy,
I make thy word my joy :

96 Which to eternal bliss extends,
When earth's perfection ends.

MEM.

97 Thy Law how dearly do I rate
All day to meditate?

98 Which still before me, makes me wise,
Above mine enemies.

99 For studying this, I knowledge have,
More then my teachers gave.

100 I understand more then the old,
'Cause I thy Precepts hold.

101 My feet from evil ways refrain'd,
Are by thy word restrain'd.

102 I from thy judgments not depart ;
For thou hast taught my heart.

103 Then honey bred from flowry fields,
Thy word more sweetness yields.

104 Through this I understanding gat,
And ways of falshood hate.

NUN.

105 Thy word a lamp is shining bright,
And to my path a light.

106 I in my solemn vows have sworn,
Thy Statutes to perform.

107 I lie perplext with grief and pain,
Lord ! quicken me again.

108 O let my pray'rs thy audience reach,
And me thy judgments teach.

109 My soul, though death and dangers threat,
Can never thee forget.

110 And though the wicked snares have laid,
From thee I never stray'd.

111 Thy Statutes are my chosen part,
The comfort of my heart ;

112 And to perform them I intend,
Until my life shall end.

SAMECH.

113 I hate vain thoughts, ill men neglect :
But I thy Law affect.

114 Thou art my Refuge and my Shield,
Whose word doth safety yield.

115 Depart ye wicked ones away ;
I will my God obey :

116 Uphold me in a life unblam'd,
Nor let my hope be sham'd.

117 Sustain me (Lord !) so shall my faith,
Resting on thee, be safe.

- 118 Thou treadst them down, whose guileful heart
Doth from thy Laws depart ;
119 And, like the dross that's cast away,
Mak'st them on earth decay.
120 My trembling flesh is full of fear,
When I these Judgments hear.

AIN.

- 121 Lord ! leave me not, who love the right,
To my oppressors might :
122 Be thou my surety 'gainst their pride,
Who have my ways decry'd.
123 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail,
Until my hopes prevail.
124 In mercy with thy servant deal,
Thy Statutes (Lord !) reveal.

- 125 Give me an understanding heart ;
Thy sacred will impart :
126 'Tis time for thee to bring thy aid,
For void thy Law is made.
127 I thy Commandments precious hold,
Above refined gold :
128 And all thy Precepts justly prize ;
But hate deceit and lies.

PE.

- 129 Thy Testimonies wond'rous are,
My souls delight and care :
130 Thy words like beams of light arise,
To make the simple wise.
131 Panting, and breathless in desire,
I to thy Laws aspire :
132 Such mercy (Lord) upon me powre,
As those who thee adore.

- 133 Order my steps, no sins may stain,
Nor vices o're me reign:
134 From mans oppression me redeem,
Thy Precepts who esteem.
135 Make thy blest face on me to shine;
Teach me thy Laws divine;
136 Rivers of tears run down mine eyes,
When men thy Law despise.

ISADDI.

- 137 Thou righteous art (O Lord) my might,
Thy Judgments are upright.
138 The Statutes which thou dost command,
Unchang'd and faithful stand,
139 My zeal consumes me, when I find
Thy Law not kept in mind.
140 Thy word is very pure, and try'd,
By me most magnifi'd.

- 141 I, though despis'd and lightly set,
Thy Precepts not forget:
142 Thy righteousness no period knew,
And thy Commands are true.
143 Though troubles me, or anguish seize,
Yet I delight in these:
144 Lord! in thy Statutes knowledge give,
And I shall ever live.

COPH

- 145 I cry'd with my whole heart! Lord hear,
Through whom I persevere,
146 O save me, when to thee I call;
So keep thy Laws I shall.
147 My cries prevent the dawning light;
148 My eyes outwatch the night:

That I thy word might meditate,
My hope, and safe retreat.

- 149 O Lord my voice in mercy hear,
Me quicken in thy fear.
150 Men bent to mischief nigh me draw,
Contemnners of thy Law :
151 Yet thou O Lord art near at hand,
And true is thy command.
152 For on Eternal Bases plac't,
Thy Testimonies last.

RESC H.

- 153 Consider me in my distress ;
For I thy Law confess.
154 Plead thou my cause, and life afford,
According to thy word.
155 Salvation far from sinners flies ;
For they thy Laws despise.
156 Thy tender mercies (Lord) exceed :
O quicken me with speed.
157 Though many foes 'gainst me combine,
From thee I not decline.
158 With sorrow I transgressors saw,
Who have not kept thy Law.
159 Lord ! think how I thy Precepts love :
Inspire me from above.
160 Thy word is true, thy judgments pure,
And ever shall endure.

SCHIN.

- 161 Princes pursue me without cause ;
Yet still I fear thy Laws :
162 Whose sacred word more glads my mind,
Then those that treasures find.

- 163 I falsehood hate, abhor all lies,
But thy Commandments prize.
164 Sev'n times each day my tongue displays,
Thy righteous judgments praise.
165 Great peace have those thy Law attend,
Nothing shall them offend.
166 Lord! I in thy salvation hope,
And make thy will my scope.
167 My soul thy Testimonies loves,
And them 'bove all approves;
168 And constantly thy Law obeys,
Who searchest all my ways.

TAU.

- 169 Accept (O Lord) my loud complaint,
And knowledge to me grant.
170 Let my request admission crave,
And in thy promise save.
171 So shall my lips thy praises reach,
When thou my heart dost teach:
172 My tongue thy Statutes shall recite;
For thy commands are right.
173 O let thine hand bring help to me,
Whose choice thy Precepts be.
174 My thoughts for thy salvation long,
My chiefest joys among.
175 Let my soul live thy Name to praise,
Whose judgments me shall raise.
I like a lost sheep went astray;
O Lord my wand'rings stay.

Psalm CXX.

- 1 **W**ith troubles prest, and drown'd in grief,
I called for relief:
When God unto my help appear'd,
And my Petition heard.
- 2 Lord save me from their cruel lies,
Who would my life surprize.
Make not my soul their envies bait,
To perish by deceit.
- 3 What vengeance doth to thee belong,
O false and perjur'd tongue?
- 4 Sharp arrows, and a quenchless fire,
Shall one day be thy hire.
- 5 Wo unto me, constrain'd to dwell
So far from *Israel*;
That I in *Mesech* sojourn must,
And Tents of *Kedar* trust.
- 6 My soul this long time doth converse
With dispositions fierce:
Who shunned have, like some disease,
The happy fruits of peace.
- 7 To quench wars flame, and lessen strife,
I labour'd all my life:
But they, when Treaties were my care,
For lasting war prepace.

Psalm CXXI.

- 1 UP to the Hills I lift mine eyes,
From whence my help and comfort rise.
- 2 My safety from the Lord doth spring,
Who made the world, and every thing.
- 3 Thy foot from falling he protects,
Nor slumbers he, nor thee neglects.
- 4 Behold, that Lord who *Israel* keeps,
Unweari'd is, and never sleeps.
- 5 God is thy Keeper, like a shade
Which on thy right hand is display'd.
- 6 The Sun by day thee shall not smite,
Nor vapours of the Moon by night.
- 7 The Lord shall thee preserve from harm;
Thy soul against temptations arm.
- 8 Thy going out, and coming in
For evermore his care have bin.

Psalm CXXII.

- 1 I Was right glad, and joyful made,
When they unto me said;
Let us unto Gods house repair,
And worship him with pray'r.
- 2 O blest *Jerusalem* ! our feet
Within thy gates shall meet :
- 3 Who builded like a City art,
United in each part.

4 To thee the Tribes of God ascend,
Their praises to commend;
And by their zeal the rest inflame,
To bless their Makers Name.

5 There are the great Tribunals plac'd,
By publick Justice grac't.
There is the Palace and the Throne,
Which *David* sits upon.

6 O pray for *Salems* lasting peace,
That it may ne're decrease.
They still shall prosper, from whose love
These happy wishes move.

7 With Peace thy walls encircled be,
Sweet concord dwell in thee:
And let thy Palaces abound,
With fullest plenty crown'd.

8 I for my Brethrens sake will pray,
Peace may within thee stay.
9 And for the House of Gods abroad
Will ever seek thy good.

Psalm CXXIII.

1 I Unto thee lift up mine eyes,
O thou who rul'st the Skies,
And in the highest Heav'ns dost dwell,
Whose brightness none can tell.

- 2 As servants wait their Lords command,
And Maids their Mistress hand :
On God so do our eyes depend
Till he his mercy send.
- 3 O Lord ! some pity on us show,
To end our painful woes.
For we reproached, and unpriz'd,
Are utterly despis'd.
- 4 Our soul afflicted daily mourns,
Fill'd with excessive scorns.
Whilst those who live in ease, and pride,
Our wretched state deride.

Psalm CXXIV.

- 1 **N**ow *Israel* may truly say,
In honour of this day ;
Had not the Lord our quarrel took,
All help had us forsook.
- 2 Yea had not God our battels fought,
When men our ruine sought ;
And when our close conspiring foes
Against our safety rose ;
- 3 The wrath, which in their breasts did strive,
Had buried us alive ;
Consuming both our Place and Name
In their revenges flame.
- 4 Our life, and what we most esteem,
Had perisht in this stream ;

- 5 And in the furious billows womb,
Beheld our Glories Tomb.
- 6 But let our God be always prais'd,
Who thus from death us rais'd :
Nor made us subject to their pow'r,
Who sought us to devour.
- 7 From danger rescu'd is our soul,
Like some Net-scaping Fowl:
So broken is the bloody snare,
And we deliver'd are.
- 8 Our present help, and hopes of aid
In God alone are laid ;
'Tis he, who made both Heav'n and earth,
That gave our comforts birth.

Psalm CXXV.

- 1 **W**Ho God their hope and trust account,
Are like fair *Sions* Mount ,
Whose head unmoved, and unshook,
Abides the Tempests stroak.
- 2 As rising Mountains *Salem* fence,
By their circumference :
So God his people guards throughout,
And circles them about.
- 3 The wicked shall not by their pow'r
The righteous Lot devour ;
Lest they the Heathens sins partake,
Who them their Vassals make.

- 4 Do good O Lord unto the just,
Who in thy goodness trust.
And those that are in heart upright,
Continue in thy fight.
- 5 But as for such, who turn'd aside,
To crooked ways back-slide :
The Lord their judgments shall encrease ;
But *Jacob* bless with peace.

Psalm CXXVI.

- 1 **W**hen God did cast a gracious eye
On *Sions* misery ;
And did his captiv'd Peoples state
To liberty translate.

This unexpected safety wrought
On us such wonder brought :
Our freedome like a Vision seem'd,
And we like them that dream'd.

- 2 Joy fill'd our mouth, triumphant Songs
Did exercise our tongues,
That Heathens with amazement said,
God hath this gladness made.
- 3 The Lord, who crowns his servants faith
Great things effected hath,
And makes us publish through the earth,
The causes of our mirth.
- 4 Lord ! turn our bondage, and our woe,
Let thy full mercies flow,

As waters from the fountains mouth,
or Rivers in the South.

5 They who, before in tears have sown,
And only sorrows known;
Shall to their future hopes imploy,
That they may reap in joy.

6 He who good seed in weeping bears,
And water'd with his tears,
Shall doubtless find return'd with gain,
What here he sow'd in pain.

A blessed harvest shall ensue,
His comforts to renew:
Long joys shall spring from his short grief,
And from each grain a sheaf.

Psalm CXXVII.

1 **E**Xcept the Lord the house sustain,
The Builders labour is in vain;
Except the City he defend,
And to the dwellers safety send,
In vain are Centinels prepar'd,
Or armed watchmen for the guard.

2 You vainly with the early light
Arise, or sit up late at night,
To find support, and daily eat
Your bread with sorrow earn'd and sweat:
When God, who his Belov'd keeps,
This plenty gives with quiet sleeps.

- 3 Lo ! children, and the fruitful womb,
Are blessings which from Heaven come.
4 As arrows in a strong mans hand,
So children are in youth obtain'd :
5 Who hath his Quiver full of those
Shall never fear upbraiding foes.

Psalm CXXVIII.

- 1 **B**lessed is he who God doth fear,
And holds his Precepts dear :
2 Thou shalt have plenty in thy meat,
And of thy labours eat.
3 Thy Wife shall, like the loving Vine,
Which doth thy walls entwine.
With fruits enrich thy dwelling place,
And multiply thy race.
Thy children shall like branches shew,
Which from the Olive grow,
And round about thy table stand,
As blessings to thy land.
4 These favours shall the man obtain,
Whose hopes in God remain :
5 The Lord shall thee from *Sion* bless,
With all earths happiness.

Thine eyes *Jerusalem* shall see,
Fill'd with prosperity;
And whilst the daies of life endure,
Her glories shall be sure.

Psalm CXXIX, CXXX. 211

- 6 Thou Childrens Children shalt behold,
Spring up when thou art old,
And added to thine own encrease,
See *Israel* in peace.
-

Psalm CXXIX.

- 1 **O**ft vext me from my Youth have they,
May *Israel* now say.
2 Oft in my tender years assail'd,
Yet have they not prevail'd.
3 My back the Plowers did invade,
And there long Furrows made :
4 But God hath cut their wicked bands,
And sav'd me from their hands.
5 Let them confounded back retire,
Who *Sions* hurt desire ,
6 Or prove like gras on houses top,
Which withers e're grown up.
7 Which hath no Mower for it found,
Nor into sheaves is bound ,
8 And none that pass, God speed you, say,
Or wish you prosper may.
-

Psalm CXXX.

- 1 **O**ut from the depths of misery,
O Lord ! to thee I cry :
2 Mark well my voice, and let thine ear
My supplication hear.

- 3 If thou, O Lord ! wilt be extream,
And with thy searching beam
Examine each transgression,
And errour we have done;

When we thus strictly shall be try'd,
Who may thy sentence bide ?
Or who endure thy vengeful hand,
And in thy judgment stand ?

- 4 But there is mercy (Lord) with thee,
That thou may'st feared be :

- 5 Thy word and promises are just,
Therefore in them I trust.

- 6 On thee alone my hope is plac'd,
To thee my Soul doth hast :
On thee she waits, to thee she flies,
Before the morning rise.

They that expect the morning light,
After the weary night,
Watch not so much the break of day,
As she for thee doth stay.

- 7 O *Israel* trust in the Lord,
Who pity doth afford !
For he more ready is to save,
Than we his help to crave.

With him abundant mercy is,
To save what's done amiss :

- 8 And plentiful redemption found,
To cure each sinful wound.

Psalm CXXXI.

1 O Lord ! I have no haughty mind,
Nor eyes to pride inclin'd.
To matters great I not aspire,
Nor things too high desire.

2 But low in thought, in action mild,
Like to a weaned Child,
So wean'd from all earths vanities
My soul on thee relies.

3 Let *Israel* make God their scope,
And in his goodness hope ;
Until both time, and life shall end,
On him alone depend.

Psalm CXXXII.

1 R Emember *David's* trouble Lord,
His vow and oath record ;
2 How he in zeal, and holy fear,
To *Jacob's* God did swear.

3 I will not house my weary head,
Nor go into my bed,
4 Nor shall my eyes, with sleep oppress,
Acquainted be with rest.

5 Until a dwelling place I find
Unto the Lord design'd :
And till I shall a Temple raise
For the Almighty's praise.

- 6 Lo, we have heard, in *Ephrata*
Thy Ark did sometimes stay,
And found, in open fields it stood,
Or shelt'ed by the wood.
- 7 But in his Tabernacle now
Our knees wee'll humbly bow:
We will before his foot-stool fall,
And on his power call.
- 8 Arise (O Lord!) into thy Rest,
Long with thy presence blest;
And let thy Ark be fixed here.
Whose strength the Nations fear.
- 9 Thy Priests with Holiness attire,
With joy thy Saints inspire:
10 Do not thy love for *David's* sake,
From thine Anointed take.
- 11 The Lord to *David* vowed hath,
Nor will he break his faith,
From thine own loyns shall issue one
To sit upon thy Throne.
- 12 And if thy Children will consent
To my Commandment;
Their Sons, whilst day and night remain,
Successively shall Reign.
- 13 For I the Lord have *Sion* chose
For my desir'd repose:
14 Within this dwelling will I rest,
An everlasting Guest.

- 15 Her stores with plenty shall be fed,
Her poor reliev'd with bread :
16 Her Priests with blessing shall be deckt,
With gladness her Elect.
17 There shall the Horn of *David* spring,
In honour flourishing :
And like a Lamp, his glorious light
Shall still continue bright.
18 His Adversaries, cloath'd with shame,
Shall lose both life and name :
But from his Sacred Head the Crown
Shall never be cast down.

Psalm CXXXIII.

- 1 BEhold how pleasant 'tis to see,
When Brethren do agree :
Whose hearts, as dwellings, love unites,
And to accord invites.
2 'Tis like the precious oyntment shed
On *Aarons* sacred head,
Which did from face, and beard descend,
And on his garment end.
3 'Tis as the silver drops of dew
Which *Hermans* top renew ;
Or as the fruitful rains distill
Upon fair *Sions* Hill.

216 Psalm CXXXIV. CXXXV.

- 4 The Lord on such agreement powres
His loves unwasted showres ;
And doth their habitations blest
With endless happiness.

Psalm CXXXIV.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord !
Bless him with one accord,
You in his house who nightly wait,
His praises due relate.

- 2 With lifted hands adore,
And daily him implore :
Within his Sanctuary blest
The Lord of Holiness.

- 3 The God that Heaven made,
And Earth's foundation laid ,
Out of his *Sion* thee defend,
And blessings endless send.

Psalm CXXXV.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord ; his praise proclaim
All ye that love his Name.
2 Ye in his house, and Courts that stand,
Attending his Command.
3 O praise his goodness, bless his Name,
From whom all mercies came.
4 He *Jacob* chose, and on his Race
Did all his treasure place.

- 5 Our God is great, and in his deeds
All other Gods exceeds :
- 6 In heav'n, or earth, or deepest Seas,
He acts what e're he please.
- 7 He makes from earth the vapours rise,
Which cloud the dark'ned Skies :
From whence he rains, and light'ning flings,
And winds there treasur'd brings.
- 8 He man and beast in Egypt smote,
9 And plagues on Pharaoh brought.
- 10 His arm did vanquish Nations great,
And mighty Kings defeat :
- 11 *Sion*, and *Og*, and *Canaan* fell
12 In lot to *Israel*.
- 13 Therefore thy pow'rful Name, O Lord,
Succession shall record.
- 14 Thy judgments are on sinners bent ;
But tow'rd's thine own relent.
- 15 The Gods in Heathen Temples sought,
Are gold and silver wrought.
- 16 Speechless they be, and blind, and deaf,
17 Nor in their mouths have breath.
- 18 Like them the Makers are, and those
Who trust in them repose.
- 19 His praise, O ye from *Jacob* spring,
O house of *Aaron* sing !
- 20 O house of *Levi*, who profess
His fear, your Maker blest.

- 21 From *Sion* let your blessings sound,
Your thankful Songs abound :
Praise ye the Lord, his mercies tell,
Who doth in *Salem* dwell.

Psalm CXXXVI.

- 1 Give thanks unto the Lord,
Who doth all good afford :
2 The God of Gods, who sways
3 Those Lords whom earth obeys.
4 Who hath alone
Great wonders done :
His mercy sure
Doth still endure.
5 To him who Heavens made,
6 Earth 'bove the waters laid :
7 To him who form'd great lights,
To rule our daies and nights :
8 The Sun at noon,
The Stars and Moon,
9 Whole mercy sure
Doth still endure.
10 Who *Egypt's* First-born smote ;
11, 12 And *Jacob* from them brought.
13 The Red Sea parted was,
14 For *Israel* to pass.
15 But *Pharaoh's* Host
In it was lost.
His mercy sure
Doth still endure

16 Who his through Desarts led ;
 17, 8 Great Kings discomfited ,
 19 *Sibon the Amorite ;*
 20 And *Og*, with *Basban's* might ;
 21 And gave their Land
 22 To *Jacob's* hand :
 His mercy sure
 Doth still endure

23 Who our low state esteem'd,
 24 And from our foes redeem'd :
 25 Who to all flesh gives food,
 His creatures fills with good :
 26 Your thanks O bring
 To Heavens King ;
 Whose mercy sure
 Doth still endure.

Psalm CXXXVII.

1 BY *Babylons* swift streams we sate,
 Sad and disconsolate ;
 The tears as fast ran from our eye,
 For *Sions* memory.

2 Our Harps untuned, and unstrung,
 Upon the Willows hung ,
 3 When those who did us captive briug,
 Bid us (in scorn) to sing.

They, who us spoil'd with sword and fire,
 Did mirth of us require :
 Sing us (said they) one of the Songs,
 To *Sion* which belongs.

4 But

220 Psalm CXXXVII.

- 4 But how shall we sing the Lords Song,
His Enemies among?
Or tune his Notes in strangers Land,
That cannot understand?
- 5 O dear *Jerusalem*! when I
Forfake thy memory.
May my skill fail, my right hand let
Her cunning quite forget,
- 6 Cleave to the roof O may my tongue,
When I not mourn thy wrong;
Or if I not prefer thy mirth
Above all joys on earth.
- 7 In thy remembrance, Lord! retain
Proud *Edoms* fierce disdain;
Who 'gainst *Jerusalem* did cry,
Mocking her misery.
- Now she is fall'n, ne're may our eyes
Again behold her rise!
Down with it (their rude clamours sound)
Rase it ev'n to the ground.
- 8 O *Babylon*! which didst us wast,
Thy self our woes must tast:
And in thy final ruine we
Sions revenge shall see.
- Happy are they, who to requite
The measure of thy spight,
9 Without all pity 'gainst the stones
Shall dash thy little ones.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

- 1 **I** Thee will praise with my whole heart,
My thankful Hymns impart ;
Before the Gods of Earth I'll sing
My praise to Heav'n's King.
- 2 **I** towards thy Temple worship will,
And praises utter still :
Thy word and Name shall loudly sound,
Whose love, and truth abound.
- 3 When in my complaints to thee I cry'd,
Thy love as soon reply'd :
My fainting spirit was renew'd,
With strength my soul endu'd.
- 4 The Kings of earth thy praise shall bear,
When they thy words do hear :
- 5 They in the ways of God shall sing
The glory of their King.
- 6 For though the Lord be very high,
Yet he casts down his eye ;
The meek and lowly he respects,
But all the proud neglects.
- 7 Though I in midst of trouble live,
Yet thou wilt me revive :
Thy stretch'd out hand my wrathful foes
To ruine shall expose.

- 8 The Lord my comforts will assure,
By mercies which endure.
Cease not of me regard to take ;
Nor thine own works forsake.

Psalm CXXXIX.

- 1 **L**ord ! thou hast thoroughly searched me,
I open am, and known to thee :
2 My sitting down, and my up-rise
Are not concealed from thine eyes :
Thou understand'st my distant thought,
E're it to form my self had brought.
3 Thou circlest in my path, and bed,
And hast my ways discovered.
4 Thou hear'st each whisper from my tongue,
And e're 'twas utter'd, knew'st it long.
5 By thee I fashion'd, am, and made,
Thy hand each part in order laid.
6 Yet can I not the knowledge gain,
How I this being did attain,
Which doth in wonder so excel,
'Tis easier to admire, then tell.
7 How shall I from thy spirit fly?
Or thy all-present pow'r deny ?
8 If I climb Heav'n, 'tis thine own sphere,
If stoop to Hell, lo, Thou art there.
9 If borne upon the mornings wing,
Far as the Sea doth swell, or spring ;
10 Thy right hand shall protect and lead,
Where e're my weary footsteps tread.

- 11 If I pretend the darknets shall
Upon me, like a cov'ring salt;
Those heavy fogs, those mists of night,
Will quickly clear, and turn to light.
- 12 The thickest shade, or blackest Cloud,
Can nothing from thy knowledge shroud;
For darkness doth like Noon-tide shine,
Light'ned by brighter beams of thine.
- 13 My reins are thine : Thou mad'st the womb
My bodies cloathing to become.
- 14 I will give thanks to thee, O Lord,
Who was enlived by thy Word :
With awful art, and wond'rous form
Thou did'st thy workmanship adorn.
My soul these marvels must confess,
And for thy favours daily bless.
- 15 Though I was fashion'd in the dark,
Too secretly for man to mark,
There is no curious joynt, or bone,
But was to thy inspection known.
- 16 Thou did'st upon my substance look,
And wrot'st each member in thy book ;
Thou saw'st how my imperfect frame
By daily growth to figure came.
- 17 O Lord, how precious, O how dear
Thy purposes and thoughts appear !
- 18 Which were they summ'd in my account,
They would the num'rous sands surmount.

These wonders always present *in* *eye*,
 Fixt in my thankful memory :
 And whilst of them surveys I take,
 My contemplation still must wake.

- 19 O God ! thou shalt the wicked slay :
 Ye bloody men depart away :
 20 For their foul tongues thy honour stain,
 And take thy Sacred Name in vain.
 21 Do not I hate, and grieve at those,
 Whose proud despight against thee rose ?
 22 With perfect hate I them despise,
 Accounting them mine enemies.
 23 Search me (O Lord !) and prove my heart,
 Who Judge of all my actions art :
 Do thou my faith to tryal bring,
 My hidden thoughts examining :
 24 Look well, and all my motions view,
 If I persist in ways untrue :
 And when thou find'st my feet to stray,
 Reduce me to thy lasting way.

Psalm CXL.

- 1 **S**Ave me from men to evil bent ;
 And from the violent :
 2 Which mischief in their hearts devise,
 In war, and tumult rise.
 3 Their tongues are, like a Serpents, whet ;
 Their lips in poyson set.
 4 Lord ! keep me from the raging foe,
 That would my feet o'rethrow.

- 5 The proud have hidden nets prepar'd,
To take my life ensnar'd.
- 6 But I, thou art my God, have said;
O hear, and send me aid.
- 7 O God my Lord! the strength alone
Of my salvation;
In day of battle thou my head
Hast safely covered.
- 8 Grant not (O Lord!) their bad desire;
Least then their pride aspire.
- 9 Let suddain mischief cover those,
Who would my life enclose.
- 10 Let quenchless fire upon them rain;
Nor let them rise again:
- 11 No violent man, nor evil tongue
On earth be establish'd long.
- 12 I know the Lord will them maintain,
Who have afflicted lay'n;
Their cause regards, and doth delight
To help the poor to right.
- 13 For his, unto thy Name the just
Their thanks acknowledge must.
And those who live upright, and well,
Shall in thy presence dwell.

PSALM CXLII.

1 **T**O thee I cry, O Lord, make hast
To hear my voice at last.

2 Let my request like Incense rise,
Or ev'ning sacrifice.

3 Set thou a watch thy mouth before,
And keep my speeches door;

4 Incline not unto ill my heart,
With sinners to take part.

Let me not eat of that delights
Their wicked appetites:

5 But let the righteous me reprove,
And smite me in his love.

Like precious balmes, or odours shed,
Such strokes not break my head;

And in my prayers I shall them bless,
In midst of their distress.

6 When wicked Judges overthrow'n
Lye dash'd against the stone;

They shall with much contentment hear
My words, which comfort bear.

7 Disperst, and scatter'd on the grave,
Our bones no value have:

As fallen trees, cut down, and cleft,
Are in their splinters left,

- 8 But though in darkness clos'd I lye,
On thee I fix mine eye:
Thou wilt not leave me in the dust,
In whom my soul doth trust.
- 9 O keep me from the cruel net,
Which wicked men have set.
- 10 Let them be snar'd in their own trap;
But let my soul escape.

Psalm CXLII.

- 1 **VV**ith low'd voice I cry to God I came,
And my request did frame:
- 2 I pœwred out my sad complaint,
And shew'd him my restraint.
- 3 Thou, when my soul was drown'd in woe,
My way, and path did'st know:
Yet in that walk my feet did tread,
Close snares for me were spread.
- 4 I did upon my right hand look,
But no man knowledge took:
My soul of help was quite bereft,
And had no refuge left.
- 5 I therefore cry'd to thee, O Lord!
And said this faithful word:
Thou do'st my Help and Portion stand,
In the Eternal Land.

6 Consider then my great distress,
Brought low with heaviness.
From persecuters me defend,
Unable to contend.

7 My soul out of the prison bring,
That I thy praise may sing.
And for this bounty shew'd to me,
The Just shall honour thee.

Psalm CXLIII.

1 **O** Lord my Prayer hear,
Presented in thy fear:
With mercy answer my request,
In humblest words express.

2 Weigh not in judgments scales
Thy servants daily failes;
For no man living, in thine eye,
Himself shall justifie.

3 My foes which do pursue
My soul, by ways undue,
Make me in darkness hide my head,
Like those have long been dead.

4 My Spirit faint, and worn,
Is by my griefs reborn:
My heart within me desolate;
Through my dejected state.

5 Yet I the days of old
In my remembrance hold:

Thy wonders past I meditate,
And all thy works of late.

6 To thee I stretch my hands ;
Like as the thirsty Lands
The fruitful rains desire to see,
So thirsts my soul for thee.

7 Hear me, O Lord, with speed ;
My fainting spirit heed :
Least if thou frown, I prove like those,
The pit of Death doth close.

8 O let my longing ear
Betimes thy kindness hear.
In thee I trust : reveal that Path,
Thy truth prescribed hath.

9 Lord save me from their spight,
Who in my wrongs delight ;
To thee my soul for shelter flies,
Against his enemies.

10 Teach me to do thy will,
That I may please thee still :
Let thy good spirit me direct,
To live with thine elect.

11 Lord quicken me again ;
Cleanse thou my sinful stain ;
For thy great Name, and justice sake,
My soul from trouble take.

- 12 I am thy servant, Lord!
 My comfort is thy word.
 Then of thy goodness those destroy,
 Who in my sorrows joy.

Psalm CXLIV.

- 1 **B**lest be the Lord, my strength, my might,
 Who taught my hands to fight:
 2 My rock, my shield, and helper true,
 My people to subdue.
 3 Lord! what is man? or what his race,
 Thy notice should him grace?
 4 Who is so vain, his days do fade
 Like to the passing shade.
 5 O Lord, the arched Heavens bow,
 Come down to earth below.
 Touch their proud tops, and then thy stroke
 Shall make the mountains smother.
 6 From thy full clouds quick lightning cast,
 And them by scatt'ring wast;
 Let thy sharp arrows, 'gainst them shot,
 Destruction make their lot.
 7 Send from above thine hand, to save
 Me from the swelling wave.
 8 From children strange, whose mouth speaks hate,
 Whose right hand acts deceit.

2 Then

- 9 Then I new Songs will sing to thee,
Upon the Psalterie:
And on the ten-string'd Instrument
Ditties of praise invent.
- 10 For God salvation gives to Kings;
His help to David brings:
From peril of the Sword, and grave,
He doth his servant save.
- 11 Deliver me from strangers hands;
Whose mouth against thee bands;
Whose right hand falshood doth defend;
Whose deeds in rapine end.
- 12 Our Sons like plants then, fresh in growth,
Shall flourish in their youth:
Our daughters like fair columns be,
Which we in Temples see.
- 13 Our garners shall be fill'd with store,
Our sheep bring thousands more,
- 14 Our Oxen strong; nor shall restraint
Cause in our streets complaint.
- 15 Happy that people, and that place,
Which is in such a case:
Yea blessed are, and happy, they,
Who God their Lord obey.

Psalm CXLV.

- 1 I Thee extoll, my God and King :
And of thy Name for ever sing ;
- 2 I thee will bless through all my days,
And yield thy Name eternal praise.
- 3 Great is the Lord, prais'd and admir'd,
His greatness is by none exquir'd.
- 4 Each generation shall declare,
How mighty his achievements are.
- 5 I will thy glory celebrate,
Thy wond'rous works Majestick State ;
- 6 Thy acts of terror, and of fame,
All men shall speak, and I proclaim.
- 7 They shall abundantly profess
Thy goodness, and thy righteousness ;
- 8 Whose grace, and full compassions flow,
To mercy swift, to anger slow.
- 9 God's goodness everywhere extends,
His mercy all his works transcends-
- 10 All things (O Lord) thou did'st create,
And Saints thy praise shall celebrate.
- 11 Their tongues thy Kingdom's rule make
By them thy glorious acts are show'n :
- 12 That all the Sons of men may see
Thy mighty pow'r, and Majesty.

- 13 Thy Kingdom doth for ever last,
When men decay, and time is past.
- 14 God doth uphold a'l such as fall,
And men cast down from ruin call,
- 15 The eyes of all on thee attend,
Who in due season meat do't send :
- 16 Thy open hand, when need requires,
Doth satisfie their just desires.
- 17 The Lord is right in all his ways,
In Holiness his works he lays.
- 18 The Lord is good, and nigh to all,
Who faithfully upon him call.
- 19 He their desire will satisfie,
Who fear him, and regard their cry :
- 20 Saves all, that love him, from annoy:
But all the wicked will destroy.
- 21 Therefore my mouth, to speak his praise,
Shall lowd, and thankful accents raise :
And let all flesh, whom he did frame,
For ever bleſs his Holy Name.

Psalm CXLVI.

- 1 **T**O God (my ſoul) his praises give,
And bleſs him, whil'ſt I live.
- 2 I will to him my thanks up ſend,
Until my being end.

- 3 Put not in Princes any trust,
Nor in the Sons of dust;
Who nor themselves, nor others save
From the devouring grave.
- 4 Soon as man breathless doth remain,
He turns to earth again.
And, as his time of life expires,
So perish his desires.
- 5 O therefore happy he whose faith
On God reliance hath:
Who makes the fear of him his scope,
And object of his hope.
- 6 He Heav'n and Earth and Sea did fram,
With all that those contain:
And when their form is quite defect,
His truth shall ever last.
- 7 He doth the wronged help to right,
Who are oppress'd by might:
Feeds those that are to want expos'd,
And hath the Captives loos'd.
- 8 He to the blind restores their eyes,
He makes the fall'n to rise:
He upon such bestows his care,
Who just and faithful are.
- 9 The Lord all strangers doth receive,
And fatherless relieve:
When wicked men are overthrown,
And all their hopes cast down.

- 10 The Lord thy God, O *Sion* reigas,
His glory still remains.
Then to thy everlasting King
Eternal praises sing.

Psalm CXLVII.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord : a pleasant thing
It is, his praise to sing.
2 God ruin'd *Salem* doth reaire :
Whose out-casts gather'd are.
3 He heals and binds the broken heart,
Relieves the wounded's smart :
4 The sparkling Stars he numbers all,
And by their names doth call.
5 Great is our Lord, and strong his might,
His wisdom infinite :
6 Hedoth the meek exalt, and crown;
But cast's the wicked down.
7 To God the Lord, so good, so great,
Your thankful hymns repeat,
And to the Harps melodious string
His constant praises sing.
8 Who heavens face with vapour shrouds,
And covers it with clouds :
Who powres his rain on earth below,
And makes the Mountains grow.

9 He gives his food unto the beast ;
And, from their airy nest
When the young ravens to him cry,
Feeds them abundantly.

10 He not delights in strength of horse,
Nor values humane force :

11 But those who make his fear their scope,
And in his mercy hope.

12 *Jerusalem* O praise the Lord ;
Sion, thy God record :

13 Who bars thy gates, to give thee rest,
And hath thy children blest,

14 He maketh in thy borders peace ;
Fill thee with corns increase,

15 His wing'd commands most swiftly run,
And, soon as said, are done.

16 He giveth, like the wool, snows,
Hoar frost like ashes strows :

17 Casts forth his Ice, like morsels roll'd,
Who can withstand his cold ?

18 He sendeth out his Word, and Law,
Which melts them to a thaw :

He causeth his strong wind to blow,
And makes the waters flow.

19 His word he doth to *Jacob* shew,
Makes him his judgment know.

And to his chosen *Israel*

He doth his Statutes tell.

- 20 He with no Nation so did deal,
Nor thus his Love reveal;
Who nor his judgments knew, nor word:
Therefore, Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm CXLVIII.

- 1 Praise God from Heaven high,
Who sits above the sky:
2 Ye glorious Angels all,
Ye Hosts Celestiall,
3 Ye Sun and Moon,
Both Night and Noon,
Ye Stars of light
His praise recite.
4 Praise him ye Heavens that move,
Ye Waters them above,
5 Praise him, whose pow'rful Name
Created this great frame,
He did command
6 Them fast to stand:
By his decree
They lasting be.
7 All that earth's bosome keeps,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
8 Fire, hail, the falling snow,
The furious winds that blow:
Storms that fulfill
His sacred will,
And serve his word,
Praise ye the Lord.

9 Mountains, that touch the sky;
 Ye Hills, which lower ly;
 All trees that fruitful are,
 The Cedars tall and faire:

10 Beasts, which the field,
 Or pastures yeild;
 Each creeping thing,
 And bird of wing.

11 Kings, which the earth do swie,
 People, who them obey:
 Princes of royal birth,
 And Judges of the earth:

12 Young men and maids,
 Old men, and babes,

13 Let them proclaime
 His awful name:

His Name doth all excell,
 In earth, or heaven that dwell:

14 He will his People raise,
 Of all his Saints the praise:
 Ev'n *Jacob* dear,
 His care most near,
 Joyn'd in accord.
 Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm CXLIX.

1 Praise ye the Lord: New Anthems bring,
 Which ye to God may sing:
 And let the quire of Saints his praise
 In their assembly raise.

- 2 Let *Israel* in him rejoyce,
Who form'd him with his voice :
Let all the Sons, from *Sion* spring,
Be joyful in their King.
- 3 Let them with Dance, and Pipe proclaim
The glory of his Name :
Let them sing praises with the Harp,
With Timbrell shrill and sharp.
- 4 For in his people he delights,
Who celebrate his Rites :
And those with meekness who abound,
Are with salvation crown'd.
- 5 Let Saints with glory raise their heads,
And sing upon their beds :
- 6 Let his high praise, who rules the skies,
Their voices exercise.
And in their hand a Two-edg'd sword
Be put, to act his word,
- 7 For judgment 'gainst the Heathen bent,
And peoples punishment :
- 8 Their captive Kings in chains confin'd,
With manacles to bind,
And their rebellious Nobles lead
In iron fettered.
- 9 To execute that heavy wrath
His judgment threat'ned hath :
And in fair Characters engrave;
His Saints such honour have.

Psalm CL.

- 1 **P**Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address
To praise his Holyness :
O praise him in his pow'r's extent,
Who rules the firmament.
- 2 Praise him for all his acts of might,
Our wonder which invite :
In praises due his greatness tell,
Which all things doth excell.
- 3 Praise him with Trumpets lofty sound,
With Cornets shake the ground :
His praise the Psalterie inspire,
With the melodious Lyre.
- 4 Praise him with Timbrels, and advance
His honour in the Dance,
Praise him with Organs, Viols, Flutes,
And the well-stringed Lutes.
- 5 With Cymbals loud him magnifie,
Praise him on Cymbals high :
- 6 Let every creature, that hath breath,
His Maker praise till death.

F I N I S.

Hymns of the Church.

Went Creator.

Come Holy Ghost Thy Pow'r dilate,
Which all things did create:
With Heav'nly grace and pure desire,
Thy servants hearts inspire.
Thou art the Paraclete, the Spring
Which doth all comforts bring,
The Life, the Light, the Fire of Love,
And Unction from above.

Thou dost Thy Sev'n fold Gifts bestow,
That we Thy Truth may know.
The Finger art of Gods Right Hand,
The Key to understand;
Thou His long promis'd blessing art
To glad each drooping Heart,
Who dost enrich us with Thy Word,
And Un.ance afford.

O let thy light into us shine,
Infuse Thy Love divine
Our minds with strength'ning Grace supply,
To suffer constantly:
Our enemies assaults repell,
That we in Peace may dwell,
And guid us with Thy Mighty Arm,
We may avoid all harm.

Teach us the Father to Believe,
And Christ the Son receive,
With God the Holy-Ghost, who dost
Proceed alike from Both:
To this Eternal Trinity
All Praise and Glory be,
And pray we: Their Blest Spirit may
With us for ever stay, Amen.

Hymns of the Church.

Te Deum.

VVE Praise thee God! we duly bless,
And thee the Lord confesse:

Father from all Eternity,
The Earth doth worship thee.
To Thee all Angels lowly cry,
The Heav'ns and Pow'rs on high,
To Thee Cherubs and Seraphims
Sing their incessant Hymns.

O Holy Holy Holy Lord!
Thou God of Hosts ador'd!
Thy Majesty and Glory still
Both Earth and Heav'n fill.
Thee the Apostles Glorious Quire,
The Prophets Thee admire,
The Martyrs noble Army raise
Blest Anthemes in thy praise.

The Holy Church doth knowledge Thee
Father of Majesty,
Thy true and only Son, the great
Most Holy Paraclet.
Thou art O Christ of glory King,
The Father Equalling;
Yet didst not, when to save us come,
Disdain the Virgins Womb.

When thou the sharpness of Death's sting
O're mist by suffering,
Heav'ns open'd Kingdom thou didst give
To All that Thee Believe:
Th' us sit it at God's right Hand, from whom
Thou wilt to Judge us Come,
Accomplish then Thy Servants good,
Bought with thy Precious blood.

Hymns of the Church.

Amongst Thy Saints in Glory Crown'd,
Let them be number'd found:
Lord save Thy People from mischance,
Bless Thine Inheritance,
Govern and lift Them up to bliss,
Which true and endless is:
We day by day extoll Thy fame,
Still worshipping Thy Name.

Vouchsafe this day which now begins,
To keep us without Sins.
Have mercy upon us, O Lord!
Thy helping Grace afford.
Lord as our hopes on Thee depend,
Thy mercy on us send.
O Lord in Thee I trusted have,
Me from Confusion save.

Benedictus. Luc. 1. v. 68.

THe God of Israel be blest,
His people who releast,
And hath by One Salvation wrought,
From Davids lineage brought.
As He by all His Prophets said,
Ere since the World was made,
That from our foes we should be sav'd,
Whose hatred us inflam'd.

His promis'd mercy to perform,
To Abraham first sworn,
The Oath and Holy Covenant
Which He to us would grant;

Hymns of the Church

That we, who now deliver'd were,
Might serve him without fear,
In holiness and righteous ways,
Before him all our daies.

And Thou, O Child, of Gods decree,
Shal't call'd the Prophet be,
For Thou must go before His Face
Sent to prepare His place:
Unto His People in His Name,
Salvation to proclaim;
And to the Souls perplex'd within,
Remission of their sin.

Through Gods most tender love, whose eye,
Did visit us from high,
And caus'd his Morning Star to shine,
Diffusing beams Divine,
To lighten those in darkness laid,
By Deaths unhappy shade:
And guid our feet which knew no ease,
Into the wayes of Peace.

Magnificat. Luc. i. v. 46.

MY Soul doth magnific the Lord,
My Spirit doth record,
In her rejoycing Songs, the Power
Of God my Saviour.

For He regarded bath of late
His Hand-maid I exalt;
Behold all generations shall
Henceforth Me Blessed call.

For He great things for Me hath done,
Alight His Name alone.

His

Hymns of the Church.

His Mercies through all Times appear,
To those which Him do fear,
He with His Arm much strength hath shew'd,
To Scatter all the proud,
He puts the Mighty from their seat,
And makes the Humble great.

The hungry He hath fill'd with food,
And giv'n them all things good:
But He the rich whom pleasures sway,
Hath empty sent away.
His mercy He remembered hath,
To help his Servants faith,
As He to Abraham decreed,
And His elected Seed.

Nunc Dimittis. Luc. 2. v. 29.

Now lettest Thou Thy Servant, Lord,
According to thy Word,
Depart in peace; for now mine eyes
See Thy Salvation rise;

Which Thou prepar'dst in all mens sight,
To be the Gentiles Light,
And crown with glories which exceed
Thy people Israel.

The Lords Prayer.

Our Father which in Heaven art!
1. Thy Name be Hallow'd by each heart;
2. Thy Kingdome come, Thy Will be done
3. In earth, as it is in Heaven thy Throne;
4. Give us this day our daily Bread,
Thy Souls and Bodies may be fed.

For

Hymns of the Church.

5. Forgive our trespasses, as we
Forgive them, where we trespass'd be:
6. To no Temptation lead our Will:
7. But us Deliver from all ill:
For Thine the Kingdom and the Pow'r
And Glory is for evermore. Amen.
-

The Creed.

1. **I**N God the Father most of might
I do believe aright,
Maker of Heaven and of Earth,
With all that there have birth:
2. And Jesus Christ his only Son:
3. Whose pure Conception
Did by the Holy Spirit come
Born in the Virgins womb.
4. He under Pilate crucifi'd,
Suffer'd for us and Dy'd,
Was burri'd went to Hell beneath:
5. The third day Rose from Death:
6. He into Heaven did Ascend,
And sits at God's Right Hand:
7. From thence He shall come down with dread
To Judge both quick and dead:
8. I in the Holy Ghost believe:
9. The Catholick Church receive,
The Saints in one Communion joy'd:
10. That sins forgiveness find:
11. That thise our Bodies from the Grave
A Resurrection have:
12. And shall enjoy a Life of bliss,
Which everlasting is. Amen.

Hymns of the Church.

The Ten Commandments, Exod, 20.

God spake these words : I am the Lord
Who Thee to Liberty restor'd,
And did from Egypts bondage free;
1. Thou shalt adore no God but Me.

2. Thou shalt no Graven Image make,
Nor any other likeness take,
In Heav'n, or Earth, or Seas below,
To which thou may'st fall down and Bow.

For jealous of Mine honour, I
Unto the fourth posterity
Visit the Children for the sin
Which bath by Fathers acted been.

Yet I my Mercies heap in store
For thousand Generations more
Of them that love Me, whose intents
Walk after my Commandments

3. Thou shalt by swearing not profane
Nor take thy Makers Name in vain;
For God will no Man guiltless deem,
Who doth His Sacred Name blaspheme.

4. Remember that to Rest and Pray
Thou holy keep the Sabbath Day:
Six Dayes Thou labour shalt, but This
The Lord thy Gods high Sabbath is,

Hymns of the Church.

No kind of Work shall then be done,
By Thee, thy Daughter, or thy Son,
Nor Servants, Cattle, nor the late
Admitted stranger to thy Gate.

For God in six dayes all things made
And Resting on the Seventh stay'd,
The Sabbath day He therefore blest,
Which God doth for Thy dwelling give.

5. Honour thy Parents, and obey
What just commands so ere they lay,
That in the Land Thou long mayst live,
Which God doth for thy dwelling give.

6. From Bloody acts and Murder fly,

7. Commit no foul Adultery.

8 Thou shalt not Steal. Nor any where

9. False witness 'gainst thy Neighbour bear:

10. Thou shalt not (mov'd by list or strife)

Covet thy Neighbours House or Wife,

Nor Man, nor Maid, nor Ox of his.

Nor what to him belonging is.

Lord have mercy, and incline

Our minds to keep these Lawes of thine:

Write Thy Commandments in our heart,

That we from them may never depart.

Amen

FINIS.

